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LITERATURE.

The Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. VII., BROWN—BURTHOGGE. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE ideal dictionary of English biography would have been one written as well as edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen. In every volume of this work, and nowhere more clearly than in the latest, he evinces his decisive superiority among English biographers. All the essential facts are to be found accurately set forth in his articles; his criticisms, both of work and character, are just, and, at the same time, merciful; his style never loses its interest and individuality, even when facts are most crowded; and his irrepressible humour oozes up through the dry sands of bibliography. The ideal being unattainable, we acknowledge with gratitude that as near an approach to it as was possible has been made. There are great inequalities in the articles; the treatment of one or two subjects is throughout not strong, if it cannot be called positively weak; but by far the larger part is adequate; and we see more and more clearly as the work goes on the controlling hand of the editor in the suppression of all that is tawdry, affected, and pretentious. The work, it may be said at once, more than justifies the highest expectations that have been formed of it, and is a permanent and noble contribution to the literature of England.

We do not mean to try to pick holes in this volume. Mr. Stephen presents such a broad target that he would be a poor creature indeed who could not achieve an occasional hit. A list of errata and omissions might be got up without much trouble. But the time seems to have come for a more serious and worthy kind of criticism. After seven volumes, we may ask whether the editor's plans have completely vindicated themselves, or whether improvements might not yet be effected. We venture to choose the latter alternative; and, while admitting that the modifications to be proposed are not in themselves important, and would not have been worth urging in the case of a book of small dimensions, we submit that they deserve consideration in a work of which more than forty volumes are yet to be published. The illustrations are selected so far as possible from the volume at present before us.

The Dictionary consists of (1) lives and (2) bibliographies. Taking this order, we remark generally that the lives would be improved by a greater rigidity and uniformity of plan. In each case the years of birth and death are given where known. That is all that can be called uniform. It is surely a great misfortune that in numerous instances the birth-

place is not given even when it is well known. For our part, we should have been glad had Mr. Stephen instructed his contributors to do their utmost to fix the actual birth-house. This is a kind of investigation which all who have tried it know becomes increasingly difficult as the years pass. It becomes, at the same time, increasingly interesting for many and especially for our "great kinsmen of the West," some of whom have done admirable service in the field. But since that apparently could not be, surely the place should in every possible case have been indicated. Generally speaking, the various divisions and dates of men's lives are well given; but we are by no means always told the cause of death. That is not so important as the other omission. Still, it is important. Given the scene of a man's early years and the cause of his death, and you may often infer much. Again, the great mass of subjects here are authors whose lives are mainly written in the list of their works. Here a most important and difficult problem arises which Mr. Stephen has failed to solve. Are the lists to be complete or not? If complete, an inordinate amount of space will be wasted in the titles of worthless books and pamphlets; if not complete, the most characteristic may be left out. It is no answer to say that important writings should be selected. Who is to choose? A man may appear most clearly in writings unimportant otherwise, and it is the business of a book like this to point to all available sources of information. Students of literature know how much is to be gained by the study of an author's obscure and anonymous books. Strange to say, Mr. Stephen apparently leaves his contributors to do as they please. Some give even the fugitive single sermons of obscure clergymen ("J. D. Burns"); others give selections. Some give lists without dates; others, again, give lists and dates of successive editions of books absolutely without importance. Compare, for instance, the neighbouring articles, "Islay Burns" and "Jabez Burns." In a very few cases review articles are mentioned. Surely this is unsatisfactory. On some points there may be agreement, and it ought not to be impossible to discover a principle. Dates of publication are indispensable. Long lists of pamphlets are intolerable. Conceive the space that would be required by prolific sermon-writers like Bishop Lightfoot, Canon Liddon, and others. Yet completeness in one way or another is most desirable. We venture to ask whether the rule should not be to give the works of apparent greater importance, and, for the rest, to refer to which ever catalogue is most complete—the British Museum Catalogue, or Lowndes, or such books as the *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis* and the *Bibliotheca Northamptonensis*, supplementing each catalogue where it needs to be supplemented? The deplorable (but necessary) incompleteness of the British Museum Catalogue would make a supplement very often needful; but, even so, much valuable space might be saved, and a certain appearance of slovenliness and incongruity would vanish. It is right to say that in certain cases ("E. Bridges") a plan similar to this is adopted.

Another question under this head is, How far should the biographies be critical? Mr. Stephen has left this question open; and, on

the whole, we are not prepared to say he is wrong. Many of the biographers are rightly chosen because of their intimate knowledge of their subjects; but one may know a man well, and yet not be capable of writing about his work. (A well-known instance is the Life of Whewell.) Or the very fact of friendship may disincline one to criticise. Mr. Stephen could not subdivide in a work of this kind, hence some inevitable loss. For example, in the sketch of the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, we are told that he published a collection of discourses on the doctrine of annihilation, "in opposition to the views held by the great body of the Congregationalists." This is the direct contrary of the truth. So in the notice of the Rev. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, we are told that his exegetical works are "somewhat commonplace in thought and expression, and without permanent value." This is true; but a theologian would have referred to Brown's pioneer work in the study of German theology. Again, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, in her very charming sketch of Mrs. Browning, speaks with unqualified praise of *Aurora Leigh*. This, however intelligible and excusable, is hardly judicial; and suggests what is, perhaps, the best way out of the difficulty, viz., that in the bibliography reference should be given to the best critical estimates, as well as to the sources of fact. In that case we should have been referred to William Caldwell Roscoe's excellent critique of *Aurora Leigh*.

We come next to the bibliography, which is at least as important as the other part. Mr. Stephen deserves the highest praise for the great advance his work marks in this respect. There is nothing like it in English literature. Considering how enormous the mass of material is, and how unmanageable it is fast becoming, this is an unspeakable boon. Still, more might have been done under a rigid system. The great blot upon the whole is that in not a few cases no bibliography is given, and we are told instead that the life has been compiled from private information. We by no means complain of "private information" being mentioned, as it so far guarantees the freshness and accuracy of the lives. But this should only be done when the information is new, and it should never supersede full references. For example, the somewhat imperfect article on the author of *Rab and his Friends* should have been supplemented by references to Mr. Lang's article in *Scribner* and Dr. Walter Smith's in the *Scotsman*. A bad case occurred in a late volume, where no references were given to the interesting obituary notices of George Borrow. This, we gladly admit, does not very often happen; but our contention is that it should never happen. Some contributors are a great deal too specific in indicating their MS. sources of information; others, again, refer to two or more sources which contain the same materials—a course hardly to be justified in a work like this. Very often, too, the bibliographies are exceedingly imperfect. How could it be otherwise when the sources are often so obscure? A man may know much of John Forster and yet not know that the best account of him is buried in a north-country newspaper. We see no remedy for this, unless it be that the editor should ask readers to

help him by indicating sources for the names he gives as well as by supplying names he has omitted.

We have small space left for detailed criticism; but there is no need of it. This volume is rich in important articles. One of the very best is that on Burns by the editor. We may point out that he is hardly right in coupling William Burnes with James Carlyle of Ecclefechan. Carlyle was an orthodox seceder; Burnes, as his *Manual* shows, was virtually a Socinian; and the difference is "significant of much." Mr. Stephen does not appear to know Gilfillan's later Life of Burns prefixed to the "National Burns," which contains some new material. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie might have made her Life of Mrs. Browning even more vivid if she had known Thomas Powell's *Living Authors of England* (New York, 1849). Precentor Venables's "John Bunyan" is excellent; but the writer strangely omits to discuss Bunyan's relations to the Baptists. We have noticed few positive errors, and only one omission—that of the Irish divine, De Burgh. There is no such misleading life as that of Peter Borthwick which disfigured a recent volume.

Mr. Stephen might have given us the history of English literature for which we now wait unhelpfully. Students will appreciate the self-abnegation with which he has devoted his wide culture and brilliant literary powers to a labour which, irksome and ill-appreciated as much of it is, taxes the utmost resources of knowledge and expression.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

Public Opinion and Lord Beaconsfield. By G. Carslake Thompson. (Macmillan.)

It is not easy to determine whether this book is of the kind that should have been written better or of the kind that should not have been written at all. In one mood the reader considers it an admirable attempt to deal with a subject better let alone; in another a work upon an interesting and important topic inadequately handled. His plan once settled, Mr. Thompson has acquitted himself well. He has patience, perspicuity, and logic; but his plan is one of dubious merit. The problem which he propounds to himself, "What is the true function of Public Opinion in the English Constitution, and how is its force to operate and to be weighed," is as important as any upon which the constitutional student could spend his time. But he has treated it in a manner suited only to the physical sciences. Four-and-twenty pages state the theory upon the subject. Two bulky volumes compiled with the rarest assiduity are devoted to an inductive or experimental treatment of it. Mr. Thompson selects five years—1875 to 1880—years no doubt in all conscience full enough of opinion and dispute, and applies to the opinions advocated during that time upon the Eastern Question, an analysis so minute and so full of distinctions as to be fantastic. Having thus ascertained all the different species of opinion, having, as it were, dried and labelled them on glass slides ready for the microscope, Mr. Thompson proceeds to an historical narrative of that intricate controversy with the object of showing how and when each opinion advanced and retired, stood out or blended

with others. The proofs accompany with *nisi prius* precision. The text of the book is a mass of lengthy citations from the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily News*, the *Spectator* and the *Fortnightly*, Lord Hartington and Lord Salisbury, from all who contributed by writing or speech to educate or to confuse opinion. Surely even those who wrote the articles which are here so often quoted would put in a claim for a prescriptive oblivion. To the journalist ten years is a long time; and his hurried and forgotten writings might have been mercifully let alone. Doubtless the *Daily Telegraph* is a most influential organ; but one would think its writers, nay in their moments of unreserve even its proprietors, would admit that after ten years its particular phrases might be forgotten. But that was alien to Mr. Thompson's plan. To him the graves give up their dead, and he sets about his anatomical business with unwavering faith and unflinching industry.

What exactly public opinion may be has not been clearly defined. In a sense, operating through debates and divisions in Parliament, public opinion in England is by the Constitution supreme; or as Mr. Thompson rather pedantically has it—English Cabinet Government rests on the polarisation of opinion. But this, the opinion which expresses itself at the ballot box, and thereafter commits itself to its representatives, is not the opinion of the public which is here analysed. It is very justly pointed out that the tendency now-a-days is to disregard more and more opinion so expressed. It is to the newspapers men look for public opinion. As Mr. Thompson says: "We have no precise test of the volume necessary to constitute an opinion public." One test is, "Has the matter passed from the magazines to the newspapers?" But the "evaluation" of opinion so expressed is not merely a difficult, it is almost a hopeless task. It is not enough to note that a subject has passed from the magazines to the journals. That is soon ascertained, and tells little. If the evaluation of public opinion is to be of any value, one must have some mode of determining which, of all the thousand and one opinions which the journals vend to the public, is the opinion which the public adopts for its own; and that is precisely what even Mr. Thompson's analysis does not give us. It is singular how extensively and exclusively he has drawn upon the London journals. Nothing was more marked during the years in question than the untrustworthiness of the London journals as a guide to public opinion at large. No doubt bye-elections, public meetings, petitions, marchings and demonstrations, and all the machinery of agitation, afford some means of weighing opinion at large. But no one can attend a few meetings, first on one side in politics, and then on another, without being brought to the irresistible conclusion that it is easier to be misled than led by these things. *Plébiscites* are objectionable; and at the same time politics suffer from the singular capacity of our democracy for maintaining an inscrutable silence, from which statesmen can get no guidance until the day of the elections, and of retribution, comes. But the evils are apparently alternative; and the conclusion

seems to be that it is by the constitutional mode of expressing opinion by parliamentary votes and speeches that policy should chiefly be guided.

Mr. Thompson's constitutional reasonings and speculations are so interesting that one the more regrets that he should have expended so much time, however judiciously, over paste, scissors, and newspaper files. He describes the particular bias which Lord Beaconsfield gave to opinion and policy during this period.

"Disraeli-Toryism has nothing to do with the Conservatism which is founded on a bias in favour of extreme caution in altering institutions, except the accidental alliance which resulted from the circumstance that Lord Beaconsfield was the recognised leader of the Conservative party. . . . The essence of Toryism in one of its aspects appears to be a tendency to depress representative institutions in favour of the autocrat or the Caesar. . . . The main characteristic of Disraeli-Toryism was impatience of the consultative method with its scrupulosities; but the feeling was further stamped with the impress of Disraeli's peculiar genius. . . . It bore traces of his scorn of representative institutions; his idea of politics as a game where the boldest adventurer will win; his admiration for the East, and the immense importance he attached to the diplomatic and military side of politics."

When the time comes for writing a real life of Disraeli—fortunate posterity which will enjoy the work!—no doubt some of these conclusions will be modified. It can hardly be that in the main they will be displaced. The imposing personality which so deeply characterised the policy of his administration and fascinated the imagination of so many politicians, will still remain the centre and chief feature of his life. But it may be by that time that government democratically by imposing personalities will be so much a matter of course that nobody's attention will be struck by it.

Mr. Thompson's merits are so many that it is to be hoped he will presently write again. But it will be necessary for him to reconsider his view of the logic of politics. A scrutiny of a brief five years can yield little experimental guidance, and the matter is not really carried further by a classification whose nomenclature is taken from the solar spectrum. To speak of "red reform" or "violet opinions" is merely exasperating. He describes the Treaty of Berlin as a "janus-like" treaty with one face "violet" and one face "red"; and claims, but with a proper timidity, to be allowed to describe as the "law of erubescence" the fact that an access of "anti-Russism" invariably accompanied any prospect of Russia's using force to compel the Porte to relinquish its sovereignty over the provincials. As well call it the law of erysipelas. It would really be equally luminous to speak of tracing the curve of a reform, or taking a diagnosis of the functional disorders of the House of Commons. Mr. Thompson, who dedicates his work to Prof. Seeley, does not vindicate the science of history by running riot in "scientific" phrases.

J. A. HAMILTON.

The Old Church and School Libraries of Lancashire. By R. Copley Christie. (Chetham Society.)

Of all the vicissitudes to which books are liable, none are more pitiable than those which befall them through the carelessness or ignorance of those who, as clergy or church officers, might be supposed to have a special interest in their preservation. Instances, ancient and modern, will occur to every one, and probably will continue to occur; and the present volume affords only too many examples of collections of books given or bequeathed to churches and schools having utterly disappeared through neglect or incompetence. No wonder that the author complains of "the carelessness of incumbents and churchwardens during the past century and a half in reference to the libraries which they ought to have preserved." It might have been supposed that Mr. Christie, from his official position, would be able to command the respectful attention of all the clergy in Lancashire, to whom he addressed himself for information on the subject of his very interesting enquiries. But so little care is there among a large number for what may or may not be existing of old books belonging to church and school in the parishes under their charge—to say nothing of want of courtesy—that out of 130 incumbents in the county one-third made no reply to his circular of questions. On the other hand, all the masters of grammar schools eagerly responded; while, it is but fair to add, those among the clergy who did reply made up for the lukewarmness of their brethren by the valuable assistance they rendered.

Besides the libraries in existence before 1750 described in this volume, notice is taken of a few separate books belonging to several parishes, or known to have been bequeathed to them. These places are Bolton-le-Sands, Melling, Standish, Shaw (where a small musical library dates from 1740), Chipping, and Whalley; and the three schools of Huyton, Standish, and Tunstall. How the best intentions may be defeated by the stupidity or the misapprehension of those appointed to carry them out is exemplified by the case of Prescott, where a legacy left in 1793 for teaching poor children and for "the purchase of godly books" "to be affixed in the parish church of Prescott for public use," was laid out upon a new weighing-machine, by a free interpretation of the discretionary powers of the trustees. But the worst case of malversation is that of the Manchester collegiate church library, to be noted hereafter.

Notices of fifteen church libraries and twelve school libraries in Lancashire are here gathered together. In every case details are given of their origin and history so far as can be discovered—their contents, early catalogues with prices being printed in part or at length, and the subsequent fate or condition of the books traced. Besides we have particulars, often very curious, throwing much light upon the difficulties of providing and keeping "godly books" for public use, and what were deemed to be such in the seventeenth century, and what were fit for grammar scholars. Mr. Christie has further enriched his work with a mass of notes, chiefly biographic and bibliographic, the former illus-

trating the men through whose efforts these collections were given to public use, the latter supplementing and correcting the meagre descriptions of the books given in the original lists. All who have had the comparison of dates, tracing out of editions, identifications of titles and authors, and other bibliographic trials, will appreciate the diligence and laborious care bestowed upon this useful contribution to accurate knowledge. In these, as in the compilation of a full index, the author has had the assistance of Mr. John Cree.

Lancashire is rich in the recent historians of her libraries. Mr. French gave the Chetham Society in 1855 a volume on those of Turton and Gorton, Mr. J. E. Bailey in 1879 devoted himself to Leigh school library, Mr. Cowell has written on Liverpool, and Mr. Axon's *Handbook of the Public Libraries of Manchester and Salford* is well known. The scope of Mr. Christie's work includes Turton, Gorton, and Leigh libraries, one at Liverpool, and one of those referred to by Mr. Axon—that of Trinity Church, Salford. It excludes the excellent library at Poulton-le-Fylde, one of sixty-one parochial libraries (but the only one in Lancashire) founded by Dr. Bray before his death in 1730, though the author bears witness to its good preservation and management. Traces of another Bray library appear to be found in books at Bolton school, possibly given by the Bray trustees. Mr. Christie, in the course of his searches, has found the remains of libraries where none was believed any longer to exist, although they are recorded; as at Bury, where seven volumes are the poor remnant of a once promising trust (made in 1636) of 666 books; and at Heskin, where forty-eight books of a school library, founded in 1624, have turned up in a small wooden chest. His most important "find," however, is that of a library, previously unknown, of about 250 volumes, in the vicarage of Astley, which the present vicar had rescued from oblivion; presumably given between 1713 and 1734, by Thomas Mort, lord of the manor of Astley, whose name appears in most of them.

"The books form an excellent theological library for the period at which they were collected, and show that Thomas Mort was not actuated by any narrow or sectarian spirit in making the collection, but was desirous that the minister of Astley should have access, not merely to the best English works of the preceding century, but to the works of the Fathers, Greek as well as Latin, and to many valuable works of Roman Catholic and continental writers."

To balance these recoveries, the historian is unhappily obliged to record the total disappearance of a library founded by the Corporation of Lancaster in 1615, which even at the beginning of this century possessed 300 volumes; of another at Rivington school, founded in 1571; and the whole or partial loss of collections known to have existed at Great Crosby, Ribchester, and Rivington Church. Beyond all these is the disgraceful story of the godly bequest of 202 volumes left by Humphrey Chetham (whose liberality, besides the well-known Chetham College and Library, provided libraries for four other Lancashire places) to the Collegiate Church of Manchester in 1653, the surviving half of

which, after years of neglect were, about 1829, suffered by the Warden and Fellows to be sent to the college, and thence to find their way to the bookstalls of Shude-hill.

The character of the books was as various as the tastes and opinions of their collectors and donors. The liberal spirit of the Lord of Astley was matched by that of the two clergymen, whose gifts formed the substance of the Burnley school library, among the most important described (the only place where any manuscripts are found), and by that of Thomas Preston, of Holker, who formed the interesting Cartmel Church library. The first contents of the Hawkshead Library were collected by Daniel Rawlinson, a citizen of London, from different donors, for the benefit of this school, near his native place. Others followed; and in later years William Wordsworth, who was educated here, became also a donor. The books at Salford are theological, more orthodox than Puritan, while those in the Chetham Church libraries were limited, both by the indications of Chetham's will and the bent of his executors, to "godly English books, such as Calvin's, Preton's, and Perkin's works"; "almost entirely composed," says Mr. Christie, "of the dreariest and dimmest Puritan theology." Perhaps, after all, the Manchester Warden and Fellows had some excuse. Into the theological library of St. Peter's Church, Liverpool, the works of Socin (1656) have strayed, perhaps, unawares. Generally, the insight into the desire, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that learning and the culture which books afford should be spread and free to all is not the least of the interesting results afforded by this volume. The spirit of education and inquiry was abroad, and must be ministered unto. But the means were more troublesome than they are now. Not only desks, chests, or cases had to be provided; but books, for public use, universally appear to have been chained to the desks. Many items for chains and rods appear in the accounts, a percentage being allowed for the purpose in the purchase of new books. "For desks and Iron work," "7 drossin and 10 chains and clasps and fixing," were charged for the Turton books; and at Bolton fifty-four volumes still have the chain attached.

To the book-lover in search of rarities this book promises many a pilgrimage after the scarce editions or the valuable works noted here and there, among which are several not in the British Museum. We had marked some—an edition of Ascham's *Epistles* not mentioned by Mr. S. L. Lee, a copy of the first edition of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, two of Tyndale's tracts, Rogers's *English Creed*, Archbishop Sandys's own Bible at Hawkshead, Ainsworth's Dictionary presented by "Bolton's great Latin scholar" to the school there, and others—but must refer the reader to Mr. Christie's instructive and discriminating pages. And especially we recommend the excellent bibliographic notes on Carion's *Chronicle*, Jo. Franciscus a Pavinis, Bodé's *Unio Dissidentium*, Jennison "of Compuention," Anderson's *Protestant Apology*, J. H. Alsted's *Encyclopaedia*, 1620 ("the earliest work of any magnitude bearing this title"), Arndt's *True Christianity*, and Edwin Sandys's *Europae Speculum*. An engraving of the old

library at Bolton Grammar School, in its original inscribed bookcase, forms a fitting frontispiece to this most interesting volume.
L. TOULMIN SMITH.

The Normans in South Europe. By James William Barlow. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

We fear that we may seem hardhearted when we set to work in serious guise to criticise a book compiled in such a jocular—we had almost written Joe Millerish—vein as this little octavo. But history is history, and not a jest book. Wherefore not all Prof. Barlow's gratuitous allusions to Mr. Chadband and Dougal Dalgetty, to Sir Pierecie Shafton's epistolary style or Sir Roger Tichborne's "bonds," no, not even his humorous tale concerning the Fifeshire militia, can preserve him from the fate of other professors. He must take the penalty of his title—"Erasmus Smith Professor in the University of Dublin" to wit—and be treated as if he were a solid author endeavouring to elucidate the eleventh century. Such indeed he is—in his own estimation; for is it not written in his preface that by perusing this book "the reader will have a better opportunity of acquiring an insight into the spirit and temper of the times" than would otherwise be possible?

First, then, it is well that writers who deal with mediæval history should have a fair knowledge of the general style and character of the authorities from whom that history is to be gleaned. We must confess it is our impression that Prof. Barlow has not this knowledge. He shows such genuine amusement and surprise at the most ordinary phrases of the chroniclers that one can only conclude that he has never seen anything of the kind before. It apparently moves his wonder that Rollo should be called *fortissimus pirata*, for he appends those inoffensive words by themselves in a foot-note, after having stated that the Northman was "a very valiant pirate." When he has said that "Count Humphrey was an object of dread to all," he deems it necessary to justify himself by *horrendus omnibus*. And, after mentioning that Messina was besieged, he must needs add "the citizens 'being a great multitude' (*plurima multitudo*) were exceedingly indignant." But it is worse to discover that Prof. Barlow is startled at finding Henry of Franconia called "King of Germany." For so strange does this appear to him that he calls that sovereign "Henry the 'rex' of Germany" in several places, as if there was something quaint or abnormal in the use of such a title by the chronicler. There are still folk in the world, it would appear, who have not read Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*.

Next to being acquainted with the authorities which deal with one's subject, the most important thing in writing a book is to have some definite plan on which to proceed. Now, Prof. Barlow calls his work *The Normans in South Europe*, from which it would appear that he had intended, when beginning it, to deal with the whole of the history of his chosen race. But we find, to our surprise, that the last chapter concludes with the death of Robert Guiscard. That prince disappears, we turn over a page, and,

lo! the book ends. There is no summing up, no peroration, no sketch of the consequences of his death, or the subsequent fortunes of his people. Apparently the author was getting tired of the whole thing, and threw away his pen without waiting to complete his task. He should have called his production "Bald Translations of Various Passages in Chronicles of the Eleventh Century, down to the Year 1085, with Discursive Comments," and then the book would have had its right name. We use the word "bald" as expressing the character of such an extract as this:

"They crossed over to Sicily with a numerous army, and, first at Messina, collided with the most strenuous soldiers of that nation. The Greeks yielding, a place lies open for our men. The Saracens stoutly advance, not having as yet experienced the vigour of our men; but soon abhorring the warfare of the new nation, they turn their backs."

Even Herodotus could become dull with such a translator.

Finally, we must protest against the extraordinary forms taken by the names of men and places in Prof. Barlow's book. When we know the real designation of a person there is no purpose (humorous or otherwise) served by calling him by corrupted or blundered forms of it taken from foreign sources. For example, the author seems to take an acute pleasure in calling Robert Guiscard "the bragging Rompertus," because that phrase is once used by Anna Comnena. Now the good princess had her excuse. Greek possesses no *b* sound, and *Ῥόμερτος* is the nearest approach obtainable to Robert. Similarly Prof. Barlow himself would appear as *Μπάρολ*, and Lord Byron in contemporary Greek documents is nearly always *Μπύρων*. But no sensible being would find any amusement in writing *Mparlo* or *Mpyron*. Why then Rompertus? We also object to seeing a certain count styled indifferently Goffredus, Gaufridus, Goffridus, and Gaudridus. Nor is there any humour in calling Archbishop Pelegrim, of Köln, Pellegrino, as if he were an Italian. It is confusing to hear of the same Apulian town as at one time Troy and at another Troja. But these are only instances of bad judgment; while we expect that the "religious house of Becobelvinus" implies ignorance rather than wilful quaintness. The phrase covers, indeed, two blunders: one that of not giving its French equivalent; the second that of blundering the name itself, which would be at once recognisable if properly given. *Venusium* is again a dreadful form to anyone with the least classical knowledge. Surely Prof. Barlow, in his younger days, must have read in Livy and elsewhere of *Venusia*? Finally, to quote another irritating blunder, which does not, however, deal with the name of a place, "viginti millia aureos" cannot mean 20,000 *crowns*, for there were no gold crowns in Europe for centuries to come. If he did not translate by "gold pieces," our author should have put *bezants*, for any gold circulating in South Italy in the eleventh century would certainly have been Constantinopolitan.

The only conceivable purpose for which this book is fit is that of a "Fourth Form" school prize, and even for that it is not very well adapted.

C. OMAN.

NEW NOVELS.

Disenchantment. By F. Mabel Robinson. (Vizetelly.)

The Courting of Mary Smith. By F. W. Robinson. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Lily Maid. By W. G. Waters. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Transformed. By Florence Montgomery. (Bentley.)

The Heiress of Haredale. By Lady Virginia Sandars. (White.)

East Angels. By C. F. Woolson. (Sampson Low.)

The Madness of Marriage. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. (White.)

We think that *Disenchantment*, though it is only a one-volume novel, deserves precedence of the batch before us. It is a powerful, painful, youthful book, singularly pathetic and unsatisfactory. Miss Mabel Robinson has, in very unusual measure, the faculty of keen observation, which sometimes (only too rarely) belongs to the beginner in novel-writing, and which still more rarely continues long, so that even with great novelists the positive sum of their capital as regards this observation is often reached when they are quite young, and never increased at all. She has in a measure, which unluckily (though not unluckily for her) is much less unusual, the deficiency in composition and the tendency to overwork the pathetic elements of life, which are also characteristic of at least literary youth. For the "disenchantment" which befalls the actual heroine, Augusta Preston née Desborough, nobody need weep very much, although she is not destitute of attraction. Miss Desborough is a pretty, selfish, serious, advanced young woman, who, at twenty or thereabouts, has deliberately come to the conclusion that the Christian religion is played out, that wealth is much too unequally distributed (except as concerns herself), that, in short, it is the characteristic of grandmothers not to understand the simplest domestic operations. She marries at short notice a beautiful Home Rule member, Philip Preston, who has wonderful blazing eyes, looks, as Mr. Du Maurier would say, like a Greek god, and can talk in the House of Commons for many hours about the woes of his country. The disenchantment begins rapidly. Philip, though a very good fellow (too good, the unregenerate East Briton will say, for such a breed), is not really very clever; and rather by his misfortune than his fault has contracted a habit of excess in stimulants after or before all-night sittings, which has almost determined softening of the brain. The pitiful story of his weakness, of his wife's cruelty, and of his half desperate, half self-sacrificing end, is told by Miss Robinson with a certain physiological vagueness, but with a great deal of pathos. As for the virtuous Augusta, she mends her hand quite satisfactorily to herself with a dreadful American person, of whom the author unkindly remarks that "his nationality procured him an entrance into many houses which would have been closed against an Englishman of his birth and breeding." Meanwhile, the second heroine, Delia Mayne, Augustus's

friend, is a very different specimen of woman-kind, being the sort of delightful girl that lady novelists are wont to set a-braiding St. Catherine's tresses, probably as a protest against the imbecility of man, proud man. In a sensible community with polyandrous institutions, Delia Mayne would have had many more husbands than the woman of Samaria. Her stepfather, the luckless Parnellite's brother, John Preston, is another very pleasant sketch, though, unlike Delia, he is almost too good and amiable. It is a pity that the sombre side of the book is too early unveiled, and too constantly kept in view: otherwise it would deserve hardly anything but praise. That the characters habitually muddle "will" and "shall," and commit other eccentricities of expression, may be designed, inasmuch as most of them are of Phil Preston's nationality. But Messrs. Vizetelly's "reader" might have spared another kind of reader the misprints which swarm about the pages.

In passing from *Disenchantment* to *The Courting of Mary Smith* we keep the author's surname, but pass into a very different kind of book. The author of *Grandmother's Money* is an old romancical hand, and knows very well what his probable readers like. The interest of *The Courting of Mary Smith* is purely a story interest, and certainly it is none the worse for that. Mary Smith is a "companion," but a companion who is not at all helpless or bullied, and who knows very well how to take care of herself. Her fortunes, with those of her friends, employers, enemies, and associates generally, make a lively book, in which the incidents come thick and fast, and in which the probable turns of the story are very ingeniously concealed, and frequently twist with an agreeable unexpectedness. Hotel life at Blackpool (we really do not think that "Scarletpool" is a very happy example of a rather unhappy kind of transparent screen), a fire, an elopement, or at least disappearance, of a young woman, the misdeeds of a very offensive kind of *cabotin*, the wooing of an elderly or more than elderly Lancashire millionaire, the doings of one of those odd heroes of journalism who are the favourite subjects of a certain class of writers, and who may perhaps represent the ideal of a certain class of journalists, with many other things, make up Mr. Robinson's plot. It is quite the kind of plot to keep a reader's attention fixed, and even, which is a triumph of craftsmanship, to defeat his unholy attempts to save himself trouble by looking at the third volume. If the art required to produce the result is not very high art—if Mary Smith could stand a little more breeding, and the journalist Ambrose Chinery a great deal more; if the millionaire Jonathan Lovett appears to some people to be rather a shred-and-patchy millionaire—all these are opinions which may exist in one mind without existing in another, and which perhaps have no absolute or indefeasible right to exist at all. It is quite certain that for readers who do not care to trouble themselves with the question, Is that and that character quite alive? *The Courting of Mary Smith* is a capital book.

A Lily Maid has the kind of title irritating to some hasty reviewers, who do not consider

that it really matters very little what the title is. We have often wondered that publishers do not adopt numbers, so as to avoid all cavilling about the matter until say the first two editions have been sold. Mr. Waters's "*Lily Maid*" is a sufficiently agreeable young woman, who dwells by the streams of some unnamed river between Thames and Severn. She is virtuously wooed by one Gervais Wade, an amiable but, to tell the honest truth, rather chuckle-headed young English squire; and she is unvirtuously run away with by a certain Cecil Mortara, who, we regret to say, had been educated at Oxford before he took to the vocation or employment of fraudulent financing. How Mortara added to his crimes against Jenny, the heroine, and her lover, further crimes against that lover and his pocket; and how Gervais Wade had a mother, a cruel mother she, of a fine old type; and how there was a smash in the City and a rough-and-tumble scrimmage on the banks of the river, the reader shall read for himself. Mr. Waters writes with ease, and not without a certain amount of vigour; his description being graphic without over-elaboration, and his dialogue frequently good. As usual, his weakest point is character. Indeed, we can hardly say that in this respect, which is the very soul of novel writing, a single book on our present list except the first—and in an unambitious way that to which we are now coming—is of much account.

It may surprise some readers to find *Transformed* thus commended. A "goody" little book, describing much such a fantastic change of a whole life's character by the influence of a few amiable emotions as Dickens loved, written in paragraphs much too short, and embellished with italics much too frequent, may not commend itself to the ordinary circulating-library reader. Nevertheless, the breath of life in Miss Montgomery's characters is certainly greater than elsewhere in our present batch, except in *Disenchantment*. The transformed person is a certain Mr. John Ramsay, the traditional *oncle d'Amérique*, who cares for nothing but shares and stocks, hates children, and neglects his relations. The transformer is a small boy, by name Gilbert, who is let loose on his uncle to that uncle's great terror, owing to the illness of his parents. The merit of the book lies in the singularly life-like touches which it contains now and then. The description of a dinner at which the hapless dyspeptic senior is induced, by his nephew, to eat various alarming compounds, because each of them has, as he represents, been the subject of particular care on the part of some servant or other, which servant's feelings will be deeply hurt if it is sent away untouched, is really comic; and so is Master Gilbert's eulogy of the footman Edmund as possessing the excellent quality of never "fussing"—which, being interpreted, means that the said Edmund has not the least objection to leave his work and play with Gilbert whenever Gilbert pleases. High and mighty persons may scorn this kind of thing; yet, in a novel, at any rate (we make no rash assertions about real life), a flesh-and-blood child is worth a great deal more than a wooden hero, or a leather-and-prunella heroine.

The Heiress of Haredale is pretty certainly a first attempt, at least Lady Virginia Sandars claims no previous work on her title-page. Its general construction and character are a little old-fashioned, and the personages are somewhat apt to talk book, the author evidently requiring practice. But the story is not without interest, and the book is written in good taste. By the way, some precisians will be shocked to find Lady Virginia introducing a peeress who telegraphs to her agent to "use all her influence" in favour of a candidate for the House of Commons. This is a fresh blow struck at the aristocracy.

Since Florida has been the fashion (if, indeed, it has not already ceased to be so) it has been remarkable that so few people have made it the scene of novels. *East Angels* is a Florida novel of indigenous, at least of American, growth; and anybody who likes can read in it of the orange groves and the cranes (the crane character in the book, one Carlos Mateo, is good, though there is, perhaps, too much of him), and the skies which are really too blue, though Miss Woolson takes care to inform us that all American skies are blue, notwithstanding the national blindness which goes to the South of Europe to look for that colour in the heavens. Nor is the book destitute of other attractions, though the hero is rather a coxcomb (indeed, we are almost tired of looking for the American novel in which the hero shall not be a coxcomb), and though there is a good deal of the complicated and apparently aimless philandering, which is also characteristic of the kind. Some day we mean to write an essay on "American philandering," which is a most distinct and curious variety—being different alike from flirtation, from love-making of the English variety, and from love-making of the French. All these three processes are attractive, if all are not equally respectable, for obvious reasons; but the charm of American philandering is cryptic and wonderful.

The extremely life-like tone of Mrs. Lovett Cameron's shilling novelette, *The Madness of Marriage*, may be judged from a sentence on the fourth page. Lyon Carew, man of the world, and of thirty-eight summers, is writing on the afternoon of his marriage to his friend, Captain Danby, in barracks. Mrs. Carew is asleep. "A little figure, slight and frail, and child-like; a small, dainty face, with delicately moulded features, and a rose-pink flush upon her cheek; a golden fair head laid back," &c., &c., &c. So exactly what one man writes to another in the circumstances, is it not? Of the rest of the book it need only be said that, though the little figure is by no means a Lady Audley, the eminently knowing and worldly Lyon Carew long continues under the impression that he married a spinster, whereas, in fact, she was the divorced wife of a rascally foreign nobleman; which being discovered, she is, in her own words, "relieved of that burden of ultra goodness" with which her fond husband had loaded her. This is the moral of *The Madness of Marriage*.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SOME BOOKS ON EDUCATION.

Teacher's Handbook of Psychology. By James Sully. (Longmans.) Mr. Sully lays the science of education under great obligations. We noticed some months ago a translation of M. Perez's book on the first three years of childhood, which he helped to introduce to English readers; and he gives us now a handbook of psychology designed directly for all whom it may concern to educate on rational principles—"parents and guardians" as well as professional teachers. This handy volume is based on the author's larger work, *Outlines of Psychology*, and is evidently the result of the observations of a practical man, *curans de minimis*, even toys; and it bears marks of a thorough acquaintance with the best literature of education. Indeed, the notes, appendices, and authorities quoted will be very valuable aids to those readers who may wish to pursue the subject further than they can in Mr. Sully's company. The right note is struck in the important place which is assigned to empirical knowledge in the matter of teaching. Successful practitioners of an art where the material is so complex, so sensitive to often unanalysable personality and tact, must be born; they cannot be made. Not all Mr. Sully's psychological knowledge would make a good teacher out of a man or woman who had not already the aptitude and large experience that result from having to interpret the thousand cases not provided for by ever so complete a treatise. To watch Mr. Sully teaching, or, better, to be taught by Mr. Sully, would probably be of more direct value than the possession of a dozen treatises. But for the intelligent student, books like the one before us have very obvious value. The handbook is written in the spirit of Locke's words, quoted on p. 194: "The business of education is not, as I think, to make them (the young) perfect in any one of the sciences, but so to open and dispose their minds as may best make them capable of any when they shall apply themselves to it." Thus Mr. Sully, rightly regarding education as the formation of faculty, writes for a large circle. He begins by noting the bearing of psychology on education, and sets forth clearly its scope and method directed to that end. For purposes of necessary "interpretation," he insists on the necessity of sympathy with children, and of an imagination that can rise to the simplicity of theirs. We would here record our conviction that no little advantage is gained by a judicious study of the best children's books. On p. 233, Mr. Sully is probably too sweeping in his condemnation of books written for children, but rather "beyond" them. If a book is good and interesting, no possible harm can be done. Nay, hereafter the child will turn some fine thought, now imperfectly understood, to good account. No greater mistake could be made than to "write down" to children. The abominations in child-literature are the unhealthy books of sickly and inflated sentiment written sometimes by people who should know better. Chap. iii. contains very valuable warnings against over-stimulation, excessive special development at the expense of gradual growth—warnings applicable over the whole sphere of training. Good use, of course, is made of the doctrine of successive faculty-development; the chapters on Mental Development and Attention are worth careful reading; the short paragraphs on the Social Environment and Familiarity and Interest are most suggestive. Some ambiguity is caused by the divisions and subdivisions of subject-matter being printed in the same type; but a difficulty will generally be set right by application to the very full table of contents and the index. Chapters vii. and viii. will be useful as a supplement to M. Perez's book. Mr. Sully is right in setting great store by object lessons in elementary

schools; and if only children can be induced to collect "objects" themselves for a school museum, their interest will be excited to a degree impossible where they are not conscious of some initiative power in themselves. Mr. Sully deserves gratitude for his protest against the too mechanical culture of the memory faculty. The resulting vice is sometimes its own punishment. Think of the man who, to outwit the thief Procrastination, saw a clock-face on every countenance he beheld! Mr. Sully would not have too much learnt by heart. He is right. This expedient is often the makeshift of an indolent or unintelligent teacher, and may stereotype mental indolence in the pupil. The chapter on Constructive Imagination has an interest outside the school-room, and will be well taken with the chapter on the Feelings, from which the design of the book separates it. Not the least of Mr. Sully's services to reasonable method is his depreciation of the excessive use of the feelings of rivalry in our system of stimulation. Some day good sense will discredit the offering of prizes for pre-eminence to children, and will substitute rewards for the attainment of standards. To young children the injury done by rivalry of this kind is often irreparable. A simple, primitive, anti-social feeling has the whole animalism of a child to feed it; to pamper it artificially is nothing less than cruel. The risk to character is not so great when other and more social instincts come into freer play. Mr. Sully puts in a timely plea on the part of children for emancipation from over-government and control, and he ends with a very wise word on home and school discipline. The appendices on Periods of Development and Measurement of Faculty are valuable, and the index is an indispensable addition. The book is well printed, and is of very handy size. Few teachers could fail to extract much useful information from it.

Form Discipline. By A. Sidgwick. (Rivingtons.) This book of only forty-nine pages is one of the most entirely satisfactory books we have ever read. It is not to be supposed that its interest is for those only who teach children in classes. Indeed, there is not a page in the "Lecture"—which was, by the way, delivered at Cambridge for the Teachers' Training Syndicate—that does not contain the most valuable suggestions for all who have anything at all to do with teaching. It makes a very admirable supplement to Mr. Cotterill's book, reviewed in the ACADEMY some time ago. It would be almost absurd to note any particular in which Mr. Sidgwick's book is admirable, the particulars are so many. To Mr. Sidgwick discipline means almost everything; and not least important of the points he insists on is the necessity for self-discipline on the teacher's part. Everybody will feel the justice of the distinction made between offences against school laws and offences against morality; and everybody will probably remember cases in which form-masters have been apparently oblivious of it. Of course Mr. Sidgwick, a teacher of more than a score of years' standing, knows all about boys. His book does such admirable justice to that versatile creature that it is not only likely to be of value to the form-teacher, who wants a few *axiomata media* for present use, but also welcome to everyone who can sympathise with a reviewer who reads from cover to cover without finding a single dull page.

Infant School Management. By Sarah J. Hale. (Stanford.) The little book before us is undoubtedly useful. It is a notorious fact that in public elementary schools the "Excellent" Merit Grant in boys' and girls' departments is as often as not the direct result of good training received in the infant school, which acts as "feeder"; and therefore Her

Majesty's Inspectors are rightly very exacting in their dealings with infant schools, where they have reason to suppose that this very important fact is overlooked. The author of this handbook knows her business; and she gives very many useful hints which, if followed out, would certainly raise teachers from "fair" to "good," if not to a still higher place. Directions given are general and particular. The first part is devoted to such subjects as discipline; notes as to proper subjects for infant teaching, with appropriate distribution; detailed systems of teaching the three standard subjects, with a series of Kindergarten exercises on simple natural phenomena; needlework, singing, drill, &c. Part II. consists of skeletons of specific lessons on objects. Much is very good; and, if the teacher uses the book intelligently, will bear good fruit. But it is a pity that competent writers should indulge in persiflage and padding such as occurs in the first few pages here. Nor is it a good sign that the author quotes Mr. Blakiston, Mr. Fitch, Mr. Smiles, and Seneca before she gets to the tenth page; though Mr. Blakiston is an undoubted authority on demeanour, Mr. Fitch on character, Mr. Smiles on things in general, and Seneca on patience in dealing with school managers. But, such matters apart, intelligent infant-teachers will profit by some such book as this, if only they will not imitate the occasionally slipshod style, nor quote French unnecessarily, and not let babies meddle with mercury to "see its traces on their hands."

Autobiography of Friedrich Froebel. Translated and annotated by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore. (Sonnenschein.) This is an excellent translation of two interesting fragments, with the addition of Barop's sketch of "Critical Moments in the Froebel Community," giving an account of the work done by Froebel's institution from the outside, as it were. It is cheap enough to be at the command of all teachers of all grades, and its lessons are very practical and inspiring. The first fragment is Froebel's autobiographical letter to the Duke of Meiningen, the second is part of a letter to Carl Krause from Keilhau, written in 1828. The notes and connecting passages are full and concise, and the whole of the little volume gives a very clear notion of Froebel's character and life. We are not, of course, suggesting that all the great teacher's traits were admirable. Indeed there is sufficient evidence that for a very long time he lived a life of tormenting introspection, which ultimately became irritating "cocksureness" about fads. But his self-vivisection helped him to interpret child life and development as even Pestalozzi had failed, and his "cocksureness" secured a trial of his methods and the devotion of disciples. He was brought up in the midst of home surroundings warm enough to make him long for more sympathy and cold enough to repel, dispirit, and drive him back on to himself. But he was happily thrown into direct contact with nature; and thus his thoughts were directed from himself as the centre of a universe to the universe as a thing to be understood by reasoning beings. As an apprentice to forestry, a student at Jena, a land surveyor, a soldier, at the feet of Pestalozzi, or directing his own institutions, he is always the same conscientious enquirer. His deepest intellectual conviction was the sense of unity, and this constituted his strength and weakness as well—his strict observation of small things, his overrating of them to the dignity of principles, his intense sympathy, and his constant dissatisfaction and constant controversy. The translation here given to the English public is supplemented by a chronological abstract, giving, in brief, a whole history of the Kindergarten movement in Germany and England up to the autumn of 1884. We welcome this modest and most interesting little book very heartily.

Manual Training. By Charles M. Ham. (Blackie.) In 1879 Mr. Ham read a paper before the Chicago Philosophical Society on "The Inventive Genius; or, An Epitome of Human Progress." Subsequently, we regret to say, the columns of the *Chicago Tribune* were opened to him so generously that he "wrote constantly on the subject for the ensuing three years." This should have been enough. But no; Mr. Ham now favours the world with a book, which he tells us consists of (1) "a detailed description of the various laboratory class processes" of the Chicago Manual Training School—if this be so, the processes must be extraordinarily superficial; (2) a discourse on the proposition that tool practice is highly promotive of intellectual growth, set forth *a posteriori* and *a fortiori*—a rather mixed kind of argument; (3) a historical sketch to show that social organisms decay merely for lack of good educational methods—a great discovery; and (4) "a history of manual training as an educational force," being a concatenation, *bombinans in vacuo*, of newspaper commonplaces about the state of nature; the castes of Egypt and India; Greek treachery, cruelty, corruption, and other like failings unknown elsewhere; Roman vigour, stoicism, public works; Goths and Universal Moral Degradation; the Moors; Italy; Germany; and Everything in General from China to Peru, Jerusalem, and Madagascar. In fact, Mr. Ham wrote a series of articles on the Chicago Manual Training School, and then made a book. If the book had given a sober and modest account of a very valuable institution, which is, no doubt (in spite of Mr. Ham), well organised, he would have done a useful work. As it is, from the beginning to the end, he is merely at great pains to make a display of the most oddly self-sufficient sciolism the results of which we have ever had to examine. And all because of "a fine brick building" on the "principal boulevard in the city of Chicago."

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. BROWNING has been obliged, we regret to hear, to seek the help of the law in order to compel his Austrian vendor to carry out the contract for the sale of his palazzo in Venice. The English poet has performed his part, and now proclaims to the Venetian tribunal, in Shakspeare's words:

"I stand for judgment. Answer, Shall I have it?"

His Venice lawyer assures him that he will, and that speedily.

MEANTIME his artist son, Mr. R. Barrett Browning, is painting a fine picture for the centre of the principal ceiling, a moment in the fight between the eagle and serpent, high in heaven, which Shelley relates near the beginning of the "Revolt of Islam." The eagle with outspread wings, and talons fixed in the serpent's body, which rings him with one grand coil, is prepared with ready beak and watchful eye to meet the next dart of the serpent's head up-poised to search out an available point of attack. But why should not the son of a great poetess and poet illustrate the Palazzo Browning from the works of his own parents?

It is reported in Edinburgh that a new morning newspaper will ere very long be started there, to advocate the political opinions and in special the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, which at the late election were opposed by the *Scotsman*, the sole morning daily left in the Scotch capital. The promoters of this new enterprise are said to be sanguine of success, on the ground that three of the four candidates for the representation of Edinburgh

recommended by the *Scotsman* were defeated at the last election by large majorities.

MR. J. M. HORSBURGH, librarian of the London Institution, has been appointed to the secretaryship of University College, London, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Talfourd Ely. He will enter upon his duties on October 1.

AT the recent annual meeting of the Society of Dutch Literature at the University of Leyden the Rev. George Edmundson, author of *Milton and Vondel*, was elected an honorary member. The object of the society is the furthering of the knowledge of the Dutch language, literature, history and antiquities.

MR. PAGET TOYNBEE has completed the first portion of his dictionary to the *Divina Commedia*, which will shortly be in the printer's hands. It is expected that the whole work will form one stout post octavo volume.

A LIFE of the founder of St. Paul's School, Dean Colet, by the Rev. J. H. Lupton, Surmaster, is in the press, and will be published by Mr. Hodges before the close of the year.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will shortly publish a new three volume novel by Mr. Wilkie Collins, entitled *The Evil Genius*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will shortly publish, in their educational series, *A First Poetry Book for Schools*, arranged by Miss M. A. Woods, head mistress of the Clifton high school for girls; and *Our National Institutions*, a short sketch for schools, by Anna Buckland.

MISS IZA DUFFUS HARDY has just returned from a visit to South Florida, and has embodied her experiences in a book entitled *Oranges and Alligators*; or, *Life in South Florida*. Messrs. Ward & Downey will be the publishers.

A LIFE of Prof. Morgan, late of Carmarthen College, by his son, is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY announce two new novels for August—*In One Town*, by the author of "Anchor Watch Yarns," and *The Master of the Ceremonies*, by Mr. G. Manville Fenn.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & Co., will publish immediately Beroat's *Eucharistic Life of Christ*, translated by Mr. E. G. Varnish, with an introductory preface by the Rev. Arthur Tooth; also a new novel entitled *Old Iniquity*, by Miss Phoebe Allen; and *Political Issues of the Nineteenth Century*, by J. L. J.

MR. THOMAS J. WISE has issued twenty separate copies of the additions, save his own preface, which he will make to the Shelley Society's edition of *Hellas*. These consist of the fragments of Shelley's prologue to *Hellas* deciphered by Dr. R. Garnett, a note on them by the decipherer, notes by Mr. Wise, and a careful copy of Clint's pretty lithograph of the portrait of Shelley.

AN Edinburgh graduate informs us that there is a Browning Society in the Divinity Hall of the "New College" in Edinburgh. He declares his belief that "Browning's works are more read in Scotland than in England."

ON Tuesday next, August 3, and the seven following days, Messrs. Sotheby will sell what is described as "the first portion" of the library of the late Sir Thomas Philipps, of Middle Hill, Worcestershire, and Thirlestaine House, Cheltenham. Though Sir Thomas is said to have become at the last somewhat of an indiscriminate buyer, it is needless to say that his collection includes a prodigious number of rarities of many kinds. Most notable, perhaps, is the complete set of the productions of the private press which he set up at Middle Hill in 1818, and kept actively at work almost till the time of his death in printing genealogical

and other documents. Besides, there is a valuable series of "Americana," including two copies of Lord Kingsborough's *Antiquities of Mexico*; the *Officia* of Cicero (Fust and Schoiffer, 1465), which is the first classical book printed; and a copy of that curious and extremely rare book Madden's *Memoirs of the Twentieth Century* (1733).

FRENCH JOTTINGS.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie française, M. Victor Duruy was appointed "directeur" for the current quarter, in succession to M. Caro, and M. Sully Prudhomme "chancelier," in succession to M. Ludovic Halévy.

MME. PISSEN, of Mans, has bequeathed her entire fortune to the Académie Française, in order to found a prize, to be awarded every five years, for a work on political economy, written for the benefit of the working classes.

M. ALFRED CHUQUET, the managing editor of the *Revue Critique*, has received a commission from the government to visit Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Rhine, in order to collect documents relating to the campaigns of 1792 and 1793.

MR. R. C. CHRISTIE's *Etienne Dolet* has received the distinction of being translated into French by Prof. Casimir Stryński.

MR. GRANT ALLEN's little book on *Charles Darwin*, which formed the first volume in the series of "English Worthies," has just appeared in a French translation (Paris: Guillaumin).

M. LOUIS LEGER has just published (Paris: Leroux) a third volume of *Etudes Slaves*, containing essays on Nihilism, Jean Zizka, Bohemian Novels, the Slavs in the Nineteenth Century, &c.

M. EUGÈNE has republished, under the title of *Figures disparues* (Paris: Alcan), a collection of obituary memoirs contributed by him mainly to the *République française*.

IN the *Revue Critique* for July 12, M. J. J. Jusserand, while criticising the selection made by Prof. Henry Morley for some of the volumes in Cassell's "National Library," thus writes of the series generally, in comparison with the French "Bibliothèque Nationale":

"Au point de vue matériel, la série qu'il [Mr. Morley] imprime en ce moment est très supérieure à la nôtre, et, dans une œuvre pareille, le point de vue matériel n'est pas sans importance. Le prix de chaque volume est de 3d., trente centimes, ce qui n'est pas plus cher pour un Anglais qu'un ouvrage de 25 c. pour nous. Au lieu de ces ternes petits livres, tristes d'aspect, aux pages non coupées, aux lettres grasses et laides à voir, livres mal tenus, mal habillés, qui composent la Bibliothèque française, nos voisins auront des publications imprimées avec des types nets, ne fatiguant pas le regard, aux marges proprement rognées, vêtus d'une couverture décente. Étant donné que ces livres sont faits pour figurer surtout sur les tables des ménages les plus pauvres, chez l'homme qui travaille de ses mains, chez l'ouvrier et le paysan, il n'est pas indifférent que, par son extérieur même, l'ouvrage rappelle des idées d'ordre et de correction. Par son idée fondamentale et par son exécution matérielle, l'œuvre de M. Morley est donc fort méritoire."

THE city of Paris has lately become the possessor of the series of death warrants, extending from April 7, 1808, to December 8, 1832, belonging to Samson, the headman of the Revolution. The collection was bound up in nineteen volumes, and Samson has prefixed to each volume a summary of the contents. It appears that during twenty-five years he executed 7,143 capital sentences, being an average of 217 executions in each year.

THE eleventh Fascicule of the *Archives Historiques de la Gascogne* consists of thirty-nine

letters of Marguerite de Valois, preserved in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg. They are dated chiefly from Béarn, 1579-1606, and are well edited with introduction and copious notes by M. Philippe Lauzun.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

SAVING LOVE.

METHOUGHT I stood before the face of God:
The cherubim in radiance round me sang:
Then did the eagle-souls of poets clang
(Soaring to His sun-throne,) triumphal laud,
Because high songs result o'er all the broad
Expanse of earth in noble deeds. Upsprang
Our triple shout of "Holy!" heaven outrang:
Aye nearer unto Christ we drew unawed.

"Not faith, O Wielder of the worlds, nor light,
Nor lays," I sang, "have led my soul to Thee;
But love for her whom Thou hast made so
fair."

Then chanted those beside the Sovran Might:
"Love-angels, dearest to the Lord are we:
Our sister makes us dearer than we were."*

WHITLEY STOKES.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The numbers of *Le Livre* for June and July contain some interesting work, but none that is very important. The chief article in the earlier number is on a certain Paulin Gagne, who called himself *avocat des fous*, and died ten years ago. M. Simon Brugal, author of the paper, very modestly tells us that many people considered Gagne a charlatan, or else a mere lunatic. We wish we could say that he has convicted the many people of wrong. A second article, more attractive to our thinking, deals with some very early work of M. Alexandre Dumas (the son), including *Tristan le Roux*, not the worst book of the author, and not unworthy of his father. The July issue has more articles, but shorter: one on "English Publishing Societies," one on a new edition (the 7th) of Voltaire's *Pucelle*, one on New York Libraries, &c. In neither number is the page illustration very remarkable. We should suggest to M. Uzanne to give more frequently than he has recently done the excellent portraits of authors which *Le Livre* has from time to time published. These are always welcome; whereas a fancy sketch of a reception of Mme. Recamier (June) is not much, and a facsimile of binding (July), though more to the point, is not much more.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BLEIBTREU, K. Lord Byron. Leipzig: Friedrich. 8 M.
BOEHME, F. M. Geschichte d. Tanzes in Deutschland. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. 20 M.
GESCHICHTE d. deutschen Buchhandels. 1. Bd. Bis in das 17. Jahrh. Von F. Kapp. Leipzig: Expedition d. Börsenblattes. 16 M.
SCHRADER, O. Linguistisch-historische Forschungen zur Handelsgeschichte u. Warenkunde. 1. Th. Jena: Costenoble. 8 M.

THEOLOGY.

- HARNACK, Th. Luthers Theologie m. besond. Beziehg. auf seine Versöhnungs- u. Erlösungslehre. 2. Abth. Erlangen: Deichert. 8 M.

HISTORY.

- ACTA pontificum romanorum inedita III. 3. Bd. 1. Abth. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 18 M.
BRENSCHKE, H. Zur Geschichte d. deutschen Strafprozesses. Das Strafrecht nach den holländ. u. flandr. Rechten d. 12. u. 13. Jahrh. Marburg: Elwert. 8 M. 50 Pf.
TRINIUS, A. Geschichte d. Krieger gegen Oesterreich. u. d. Mainfeldzuges 1866. Berlin: Hempel. 7 M. 50 Pf.

* According to a Rabbinical tradition, the Seraphim, or Angels of Love, are dearer to Jehovah, and stand nearer to his throne, than the Cherubim, or Angels of Light and Intellect.

- URKUNDEN U. AKTEN der Stadt Strassburg. 1. Abth. Urkundenbuch der Stadt Strassburg. 2. Bd. Politische Urkunden von 1366 bis 1832, bearb. v. W. Wiegand. Strassburg: Trübner. 24 M.
WEEVERE, N. van. Beiträge zur Geschichte d. Luxemburger Landes. 1. Hft. Luxemburg: Brück. 1 M. 25 Pf.
WOLFGEBURGER, C. Die vorpapistliche Lebensperiode Gregors d. Grossen. Nach seinen Briefen dargestellt. Augsburg: Huttler. 1 M. 50 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BLANCKENHORN, M. Die fossile Flora d. Buntsandsteins u. d. Muschelkalks der Umgegend v. Commer. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 20 M.
CARTAILHAC, E. Les âges préhistoriques de l'Espagne et du Portugal. Paris: Reinwald. 25 fr.
CASPARI, O. Drei Essays üb. Grund- u. Lebensfragen der philosophischen Wissenschaft. Heidelberg: Weiss. 4 M.
GRAFF, H. W. de. Bijdrage tot de kennis van den Bouwen de Ontwikkeling der Epiphyse bij Amphibien en Reptilien. Leiden: A. J. van der. 7 M.
GRUNGE, F. Das Problem der Gewissheit. Grundzüge e. Erkenntnistheorie. Heidelberg: Weiss. 4 M.
KOCH, J. L. A. Die Wirklichkeit u. ihre Erkenntnis. Göttingen: Herwig. 5 M.
KOSCHINSKY, O. Beitrag zur Kenntnis der Bryozoenfauna der älteren Tertiärschichten d. südlichen Bayerns. 1. Abth. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 20 M.
SEMPEL, C. Reisen im Archipel der Philippinen. 2. Thl. Wissenschaftliche Resultate. 5. Bd. 1. Lfg. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 24 M.
STURTEZ, B. Beitrag zur Kenntnis paläozoologischer Seesterne. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 20 M.
STUHLMANN, F. Die Reifung d. Arthropodeneies nach Beobachtungen an Insekten, Spinnen, Myriapoden u. Peripatus. Freiburg-in-Baden: Mohr. 6 M.
WEINER, L. Astronomische Beobachtungen an der k. k. Sternwarte zu Prag im J. 1884. Prag: Calve. 12 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BERGER, A. M., u. T. M. AURACHER, d. Benvenutus Graphicus practica oculorum. 2. Hft. Breslauer lateinischer, Baseler provenzalischer Text. München: Fritsch. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SHELLEY.

Oxford: July 15, 1838.

By the courtesy of Mr. Madan, I am enabled to send you two letters of Shelley which seem to be unpublished. They are in the Bodleian collection of autograph letters, but are not given in Medwin, Rossetti, Forman, or Garnett. The first letter of the two dates from Eton at the period between the poet's Eton and his Oxford life; and is interesting not merely for its characteristic style and its allusion to Zastrozzi, but also as being earlier than any other letter published, with one exception (see *Shelley's Prose Works*, by Forman, vol. iii., pp. 328-9). It is addressed to Edward Graham, Esq., No. 29, Vine Street, Piccadilly, and runs thus:

"Eton: April 1, 1810.

"MY DEAR GRAHAM,—I will see you at Easter. Next Friday I shall be in London, but for a very short time. Unable to call on you till Passion Week. Robinson will take no trouble about the reviewers. Let everything proper be done about the venal villains, and I will settle with you when we meet at Easter. We will all go in a *posse* to the booksellers in Mr. Grove's barouche and four—show them we are no Grub Street gazetteers. But why Harriet more than anyone else? A faint essay, I see, in return for my inquiry for Caroline. "We will not be cheated again. Let us come over York; for if he will not give me a devil of a price for my poem, and at least £60 for my new Romance in three volumes, the dog shall not have them. Pouch the reviewers—£10 will be sufficient, I should suppose; and that I can with the greatest ease repay when we meet at Passion Week. Send the reviews in which Zastrozzi is mentioned to Field Place. The British review is the hardest—let that be pouched well. My note of hand, if for any larger sum, is quite at your service, as it is of consequence in future to establish your name as high as you can in the literary lists. Adieu.—Yours most devotedly,

"PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"Let me hear how you proceed in the business of reviewing."

It may be noted that "pouch" is an Eton slang word, only lately superseded by "tip."

The other letter has no address at the heading. It is as follows:

"August 12, 1812.

"DEAR SIR,—Your reasons do not convince me. A human being is a member of the community, not as a limb is a member of the body, or as what is a part of a machine, intended only to contribute to some general, joint result. He was created not to be merged in the whole as a drop in the ocean, or as a particle of sand on the sea-shore, and to aid only in composing a man. He is an ultimate being, made for his own perfection as his highest end, made to maintain an individual existence, and to serve others only as far as consists with his own virtue and progress. Hitherto governments have tended greatly to obscure this importance of the individual, to depress him in his own eyes, to give him the idea of an outward interest more important than the invisible soul, and an outward authority more important than his own secret conscience. Rulers have called the private man the property of the state, meaning generally by the state themselves; and thus the many have been immolated to the few, and have even believed that this was their highest destination. These views cannot be too earnestly withstood. Nothing seems to me so needful as to give to the mind the consciousness—which governments have done so much to suppress—of its own separate work. Let the individual feel that he is placed in the community not to part with his individuality, or to become a tool. To me, the progress of society consists in nothing more than in bringing out the individual, in giving him a consciousness of his own being, and in quickening him to strengthen and elevate his mind.

"No man, I affirm, will serve his fellow-beings so effectually, so fervently, as he who is not their slave; as he who, casting off every yoke, subjects himself to the law of duty in his own mind. For this law enjoins a disinterested and generous spirit. Individuality, or moral self-subsistence, is the secret foundation of an all-comprehending love. No man so multiplies his bonds with the community as he who watches most jealously over his own perfection. There is a beautiful harmony between the good of the state and the moral freedom and dignity of the individual. Were it not so, were these interests in any case discordant, were an individual ever called to serve his country by acts debasing his own mind, he ought not to waver a moment as to the good which he should prefer. Property, life, he should joyfully surrender to the state. But his soul he must never stain or enslave. In my next I shall proceed to point out some of the means by which this spiritual liberty may be advanced. I have neither inclination nor room to say more.—Write soon, and believe me ever yours "PERCY B. SHELLEY."

The same volume of letters in the Bodleian includes a version of Shelley's "Ode to the Assertors of Liberty," which varies somewhat from the received form. It contains the stanza which Rossetti (vol. iii., p. 384) calls "concluding stanza added"; which is not given in Forman's 1876 edition; but is printed in the 1882 edition, and there described as "cancelled stanza" (vol. i., p. 446). The Bodleian version seems to me the older.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

Arise, arise, arise!

There is blood on the land which denies ye bread;
Be your wounds like eyes

To weep for the dead—the dead—the dead!

What other grief were it just to pay?

Your wives, your babes, your brethren were they.

Who said they were slain on the battle day?

Awaken, awaken, awaken!

The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes;

Be your cold chains shaken

To the dust where your kindred repose—repose.

And their bones in the grave will start and move

When they hear the voices of those they love

Most loud in the holy combat above!

Wave, wave high the banner,

When Freedom is riding to conquest by

Though the slaves that fan her

Be Famine and Care, giving sigh for sigh.

And ye who attend her imperial car,

Lift not your hands in the banded war,

But in her defence whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,
For those who have greatly suffered and dare!
Never name in story
Was brighter than that which ye shall have won.
Conquerors have conquered their foes alone
Woe's revenge, pride and hate they have over-
thrown.
Ride ye, crowned with victory, over your own!

Bind, bind every brow
With crowns of violet, ivy, and pine!
Hide the bloodstains now.
With the hues which sweet Nature has made
divine,
Blue Hope and green Strength and Eternity;
But let not the pansy among them be.
Ye were injured—and that means memory.

Gather, O gather
Foeman and friend in love and peace!
Waves sleep together
When the blasts that called them to battle cease.
For fangless Power grown tame and mild
Is at play with Freedom's fearless child—
The Dove and the Serpent reconciled.
The words italicised are those which differ from
the common version. A. J. BUTLER.

A HUNGARIAN FOLK-TALE.

Boston: July 17, 1886.

My friend, Mr. L. Kropf, has pointed out
a piece of folklore, of which I append the
translation:

The Wife of Clement, the Mason.

"Twelve masons consulted together,
The high fortress of Déva they would build up.
They would build it up for half-a-bushel of
silver,
For half-a-bushel of silver, half-a-bushel of
gold.
So into the town of Déva they went.
To build the high fortress of Déva they com-
menced.
What they built by noon, tumbled down by
evening.
What they built by evening, tumbled down by
daybreak.

"Again the twelve masons consulted together
How it be possible to make the wall stand.
Till at last they hit upon this idea:
They all came to the strict understanding
That whosoever's wife came first upon the scene,
We will nicely, gently seize her and throw her
into the fire,
Mix the ashes of her weak body into the mortar,
And thus make the high fortress of Déva stand.

"My coachman, my coachman, my elder coach-
man,
It is my will to go to my husband.
So says the wife of Clement, the Mason.
'Inspan the horses, put them to the carriage.
Inspan the horses, and come round quick.
Let us go, let us go towards the fortress of
Déva.
When they had gone half of the way,
The weather became fierce, the rain fell in
torrents.

"My mistress, my star, let us turn back.
I saw a bad foreboding last night in my dream.
Last night in my sleep I saw such a dream.
I was walking about in the courtyard of Clement,
the Mason,
When, lo! his courtyard was draped in mourn-
ing.
In its middle there was sunk a deep well,
Into which his little son fell and died.
Last night's dream does not augur good for to-
day.
My mistress, my mistress, let us turn back!
'My coachman, my coachman, we shall not
turn back!
The horses are not yours, the carriage is not
yours either.
Whip into the horses. Let us get on!'

"So they went, and went towards the fortress of
Déva,
Clement, the Mason, caught sight of them.
He was terribly frightened, and began to pray:
'My Lord God! take them somewhere away!
May all my four bay horses break their legs,
May all the four wheels of the carriage smash,
May the fiery lightning strike the road,
My horses run snorting back home!
They went, and went towards the fortress of
Déva.

No ill befell either the horses or carriage.
"Good day, good day, ye twelve masons!
And good day to you too, Clement, the Mason?'
Thus the woman saluted them, and her husband
replied:

'My dear wife, good day to you, too!
Why have you come hither to the loss of your
life.
We shall nicely, gently seize you, throw you in-
to the fire.
The twelve masons have agreed to do this:
Whichever's wife came first on the scene,
We shall nicely, gently seize her, throw her
into the fire,
Mix her weak ashes into the mortar,
And thus make the high fortress of Déva stand.
It is only in this way that we can obtain the
high price offered."

"The wife of Clement, as soon as she understood
them,
Thus replied with a sorrowful heart:
'Wait, wait, ye twelve murderers,
Until I wish good-bye; wait only until
I say good-bye to my women friends,
My women friends and my nice little son;
Because although they toll the bells three times
for the dead,
For me, unfortunate wretch, they will not sound
once.'

The wife of Clement, thereupon, went home
For the last time, to take her last farewell,
To say her last farewell to her women friends,
To her women friends, to her nice little son.
This done, the wife of Clement, the Mason, re-
turned,
And approached, shedding tears, the high
high fortress of Déva.
They seized her nicely, gently, threw her into
the fire,
They mixed her weak ashes into the mortar,
And made thus the high fortress of Déva stand.
Only by this means were they able to obtain the
high price offered.

"When Clement, the Ma-on, reached home,
His little son came out to meet him—
'The Lord has brought you home, my sweet,
dear father!
Where tarries, where tarries my mother dear?'
And his father thus answered him:
'Never mind, my son, never mind. She will be
home by evening.'

"My God! my God! tho' evening came
My dear mother did not arrive home.
My father, my dear father! tell me the truth.
Where is she, where is my dear mother?'
'Never mind, my son, never mind. She will be
home by morning.'

Thus answered him his father.
"My God, my God! tho' morning came,
My dear mother did not get home.
My father, my dear father, tell me the truth.
Where is she, where is my dear mother?'
'Go, my son, go! to the fortress of Déva.
Your mother is there, enclosed in the stone wall.'

"Her poor little son went away crying,
He went away crying to the high fortress of
Déva.
He called out three times on the high fortress of
Déva:
'My mother, my dear mother, speak to me, if
only a word!'
'I can't speak, my son, because the stone wall
is pressing on me,
Among heavy stones I am imbedded here.'
'His heart broke, the ground opened,
And her little son fell into the aperture.'

This piece of old folklore comes from Udvar-
hely-szék, in Transylvania, and was, in its

entirety, first published by John Kriza, in his
Vadrózsák, a collection of Székely folk-poetry
in 1863. A fragment of it, consisting of five
lines only and a short abstract of the fable,
appeared previously in Erdélyi's collection,
vol. iii., p. 151, in 1848. According to Kriza,
the fable also exists among the people of Hun-
gary proper. In another Magyar tale, "The
Three Dreams," the king orders a lad to be
immured alive in the walls of the fortress
tower.

Déva is the chief town of the county of
Hunyad, on the left bank of the river Maros.
The town is built at the foot of a steep, lofty
cliff of trachytic rock. On the summit of this
rock stand the picturesque ruins of the fortress
of Déva, which, according to one tradition,
was built by Decebalus, King of Dacia.
Decebalus was the last independent ruler of
Dacia. After several short wars he was finally
crushed by Trajan, and committed suicide A.D.
105. On his death and defeat the whole of
Dacia became a Roman province, and Trajan
erected at Rome his famous column to com-
memorate the victory.

According to another popular myth, the
fortress of Déva was built by fairies. In his-
torical records the fortress first appears in the
times of the Hunyadies (fifteenth century).
During the last Magyar war for independence,
in 1848-9, the place was first held by the
imperial troops; but was taken with brilliant
assault by the Magyars, who, however, were
not able long to retain possession of the forti-
fication. By some accident the powder maga-
zine blew up, and the explosion destroyed a
great part of the walls. Regarding the custom
of sacrifice at the founding of a building, we
read:

"It has been a common superstition in almost all
parts of Europe that a new building can only be
made secure by sprinkling the foundation with a
child's blood, or by walling up a girl alive in the
masonry. The custom was altered in Christian
times to the burial of a horse or lamb under the
foundation stones of a church, or the sacrifice of a
fowl, when the building of a house began; and in
some such forms as these the practice still survives
in the East of Europe. In ancient times a human
life was almost invariably required. The mason in
the Greek legend builds his bride into the wall
that the king's palace may stand. The Romans
are said to have drowned the victim's cries with a
noise of flutes and trumpets; and they distracted
the child's attention with caresses, or handed in
toys and sweetmeats until the last stone was ready
for closing the aperture."

And in another writer:

"In the castle of Liebenstein, in order to make
its walls strong and impregnable, a child was
immured which had been procured from its mother
for base gold. According to the fable, the child
was eating bread (a *semmel*) while being walled
up, and called out, 'Mother, I can still see you.'
Then later, 'Mother, I can still see you a little';
and after the last stone had been placed in posi-
tion, 'Mother, now I can't see you any more.'"

Compare the instances mentioned in the
Revue Celtique, iv. 121.

W. HENRY JONES.

WHEN DOES THE NIGHTINGALE CEASE SINGING?
Booklog: July 24, 1886.

In the review in the *ACADEMY* of *A Year
with the Birds* the author is gently reproved
for having omitted to point out Virgil's want
of knowledge of natural history in describing
the nightingale mourning her lost young, "when
the fact is that as soon as the eggs are hatched
its song entirely ceases, and an occasional
hoarse croak is the only sound it ever utters
afterwards."

So it may be here, but is it so everywhere?
The young nightingales are, I believe, hatched

in England about the middle of June. It is probable that further south they are hatched somewhat earlier; yet, on the 29th of last month, the nightingale was singing sweetly in our garden at Roccafranca (Provincia di Brescia), and, on the same day, I heard it again in the woods near the Oglio. Better naturalists than I could no doubt set the point at rest. I only state my experience, and suggest the possibility that the delicate vocal organs of the bird get sooner fatigued in the damp English climate than in a more genial air. It might be said that the birds I heard were young ones, but they did not sing like tyros.

MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

"SOOR-DOOCK."

Oxford: July 24, 1886.

I would suggest that the old Scotch word for "butter milk," which appears as *soor-dooch* in Jamieson's Dictionary, and as *soor-dook* in the Stirlingshire song, a verse of which is quoted by Mr. Grosart, is a form with a peculiar usage of the well-known Teutonic word for leaven, being, in fact, *sour-dough*. Cf. Matt. xiii. 33, Wycliffe's version, where appears *sour douz* (= the Vulgate *fermentum*), which corresponds to the Icelandic *súr-deig*, the rendering in the Icelandic translation by Lawman Odd the Wise, and to the German *sauerteig* in Luther's Bible. The Welsh, by the by, have borrowed this word at an early period, their ordinary word for leaven being *surdoes*, see Salesbury's Dictionary in English and Welsh (1547), and the modern Welsh version, Matt. xiii. 33. The common Anglo-Saxon form of "dough" is *dāh* (dative *dāge*), also *dōh*, from which latter can be derived without difficulty the Scotch *doock*, the *k* representing in Scotch the old guttural, as in the case of "warlock" for Anglo-Saxon *wær-loga*.

A. L. MAYHEW.

SCIENCE.

JACOB BOEHME.

Jacob Boehme: his Life and Teaching. By the late Dr. Hans Lassen Martensen, Metropolitan of Denmark. Translated from the Danish by T. Rhys Evans. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

JACOB BOEHME, an illiterate herdsman, afterwards shoemaker, of the sixteenth century, a humble, simple man, lover of nature, and inspired by her, was also one of the world's greatest and most illuminated seers. But his style is so involved and obscure that it needs a special and prolonged study to comprehend him. To William Law, students of Boehme owe a great debt of gratitude; Mrs. Penny's "Introduction" is also of real value; but this interesting book, translated from the Danish of Dr. Martensen into excellent English by Mr. Rhys Evans, perhaps throws more light on his teaching than any other. His own devotional works, however, though mystical, are not at all difficult, and they are profoundly edifying.

To Boehme, born near Görlitz, in Silesia (1575), were vouchsafed, even as a child, visions and revelations, which Dr. Martensen describes. His works, the latter says, may be termed chaotic and shapeless; but as one roams through their labyrinths one is constantly and irresistibly persuaded that a stream runs through them which has its source in the eternal hills—labyrinths in the which one is surprised amid the obscurity and gloom by lightning, which now gladdens and anon appals by the glimpses it affords of time and eternity—of divine, human, and demonic depths.

Boehme is one of the great representatives of that awakening known as the Renaissance, which was an awakening both of heart and mind. It was an age of rejuvenescent humanism, revived interest in classical and Hebrew lore; of romantic art in Spenser, Shakspeare, and the great Italians; reformed religion in Calvin, Luther, Erasmus; natural sciences in Bacon; mystical philosophy in Bruno and Boehme.

But Boehme has powerfully influenced the course of thought, notwithstanding his isolation and difficulty. He is one main origin of Schelling, Hegel, Baader, and St. Martin; as also of William Law, Coleridge, Maurice, and later mystics. Some of his own origins may be found in Erigena, Tauler, Eckhart, Philo, the Kabbala, Paracelsus, and the alchemists; yet it is doubtful if he knew all these at first hand. The influence may have been in the era—in the *Zeitgeist*. But he borrowed his terms from alchemy; and the use of these symbols—the sense in which he uses them being never clearly defined by him—is what constitutes the chief difficulty of his *Aurora* and other works.

Notwithstanding that, as Dr. Martensen says, amid Boehme's diffuse explanations and descriptions we gain the impression too often only of a vast wind-swept and roaring forest, still there are wonderful flashes of light. He brought to birth an idea (though not a system) which was not previously present, or only implicitly, and not operatively, in the world of thought. The principle I refer to is that of the Many in One, that of the relative in the absolute, of discord in harmony, of yes and no, of nature, potential evil, wrath, fire, or the "dark Ternary" (to use his own phrase) in God. That principle seems to me Boehme's great contribution to thought. For he sets himself in earnest to discover the substance and moving spring of things as they actually are—"the very pulse of the machine." This can be no abstract notion. The supreme cause of this inexhaustible and varied universe, this world of individual persons and concrete phenomena must be living Being, active Spirit, containing within Himself the power and potency of all that is actually manifested. As manifestation, appearances, what are usually called real persons and things, cannot be without a common principle and fountain of their appearance or manifestation, so this principle or source cannot be without such manifestation, or appearance of the world of persons and things. The notions involve one another: without absolute no relative, without relative no absolute, without effect no cause, without Father no Son, without Son no Father. Indeed, these notions are apart for us only, for our defective apprehension only; but they must coalesce in a higher, could we attain thereto. From mere abstract unity no universe, no harmony, no organism of life, or society, or individuality could ever spring. This is the fatal objection to the Brahman, the Eleatic, and the Spinozistic systems. "Kein lebendiges ist ein eins, immer ist es ein vieles." Akin to this feature in Boehme is his attribution of love, wrath, will, to the Absolute Spirit of imagination or fantasy; while the opposite school of philosophy only allow pure reason, pure thought, bare and blank intelligence. And yet this, no more than abstract unity, can possibly account for the actual concrete world of persons and things as we know it. This Brahman, no more than Parmenides, accounts for. God and the world, the ideal and real, fall ever apart in their systems, with no vital connexion whatsoever. The only resource is to deny the reality of the world, to call individuality and nature *maya*, illusion. And that is to cut the Gordian knot, instead of untying it. For, after all, what we want philosophy to do is to explain experience, the world we live in, and our own selves. Whatsoever is here and now, whatsoever we find in this great co-ordinate system of persons

and things, of affections, desires, wills, thoughts, sensible phenomena, must also be in the cause and substance and essence of them, in the absolute; otherwise there is no use in an absolute. It must supply the full meaning and reality of them; all besides can only be their imperfection, their defect, their not-being, their failure of realisation, of idiosyncrasy, actuality, life.

The Absolute Reality can be nothing but the complete and perfected relative, apparent, or phenomenal, ourselves and the world as we really and fully are: affections, memories, bodies, idiosyncrasies, sufferings, sins, quite as much as anything else; only not these added together, but these transfigured, transmuted.

But even defect or failure, it would seem, must have its reason and principle above and beyond itself; that defect and failure must have a necessary function to fulfil in the universal harmony; for else it would not, could not appear; i.e., there is a nature, a dark contrary principle in the absolute, for nature means about to be born, a coming to be, implies flux, change, therefore imperfection. Not that this principle is in God as God precisely as it is in the finite creature, for such limitation and temporal defect, moral evil, or other, is just what distinguishes the latter from the former. In Him is no darkness at all. Yet in Him, if He be at all, must be found the source and origin of multiplicity and isolated existence, of all phenomenal worlds. Self-distinction (says Schwegler), according to Boehme, is the essential character of spirit, and consequently of God, so far as God is to be conceived as spirit. He is a living Spirit only if, and so far as, He comprehends within Himself difference from Himself, and through this other is manifest, is an object, is a cognising consciousness. Boehme is exhaustless in metaphors to render intelligible this negativity in God, this self-differentiation, and self-externalisation of God into a world. If there were only one, there would be a going forth for ever, but nothing definite; there must be a return of that which goes forth upon itself, enriched with the product of this going forth realised in self-reflection. Vast width without end were nothing at all. Knowledge of one's own primal being can only be through another, a contrary, a second, a many, from whom or which one may be distinguished. I am not without you, nor you without me—or without another, nature, the non-ego, no ego is possible. When you have got your thought, or percept from the impinging of another on you, then you may reflect on that as yours, but not till then. These are correlates; and you cannot have a top without a bottom, a substance without quality, a left without a right, a north without a south, a cause without an effect. Philosophy has seldom seen this; but unsophisticated common-sense has seen it, and therefore I think the latter has been wisely led by the instinct or genius of nature to reject philosophy. Religion, however, has seen it; Divine revelation, as I believe, has revealed it to babes and common people. Living spirits, concrete individuals, heroes, or "elementals," are the gods of primitive races, the worshipped and worshipful Divine Powers of ancient and modern mythologies, as a mighty Sovereign, a great Governor, is the law-giver of Hebrew Monotheism, and a loving All-Father the object of trust and adoration revealed by Jesus. Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Stream of Tendency" may be ethical, but it is unphilosophical, and not practically influential. Even Buddhism has had to deify the noble personality of the Light of Asia (finely portrayed in Mr. Edwin Arnold's poem) for general use. And note the strange ritual of the Comtists! But here we have a theosophist, an unsophisticated unlearned man, yet a great illuminated seer, who being attentive to the heavenly mes-

sage in the heart as well as in the reason, and feeling that these must, indeed, be one and not two, though temporarily divorced, reconciles the desire and demand of both, bidding us, in the name of Divine Wisdom, accept the anthropomorphic God of the Bible, of religion, moral sense, and affection. I am sure no system which satisfies only one element in our complex nature, that of abstract thought, can be either true or practically influential for right living. Boehme places a "nature," a "dark ground," a "real" in God (this, in the pre-Berkeleyan day, he was bound, erroneously as I believe, to regard as blind and unconscious), and along with this "the Idea," which he calls also the "Pure Maiden," "the Virgin Sophia," or "Wisdom." A certain longing, desire, or will, arises, according to him, in the "Abyss of Being," which he names also the "Ungrund" or "Mysterium Magnum," and which is equivalent to the One of Plotinus, the Night of the Orphic Hymns, the Indifference-Point of Schelling. Here Dr. Martensen, as it seems to me with good cause, objects. Indeed, this appears in direct contradiction to his main principle of the essential relativity of the Absolute. For how in such a blind Abyss, equivalent to Non-being, should desire, or will, or fantasy, or wisdom ever arise at all? And this, though he reminds us that, while we are obliged to think of the elements in God as a process in time, yet it is not so in reality. They are together, eternal, self-implicated (we may, perhaps, for illustration, conceive of circles, whose centres should be in the circumferences of each other). But then what logical validity has this conception of a distinctionless Abyss, whence yet distinction arises, so contrary to what is most special in the Boehmian idea? I think none; it is as incongruity, better away. Dr. Martensen, while agreeing with Boehme that man can know real Being, or God (surely he can, for he himself is real being, and what is that apart from his idea thereof?), accuses him of an illicit, as distinguished from a lawful, anthropomorphism, inasmuch as man in his present defective condition, though in the image of God, is an inverted image of Him. The process of life in men and nature certainly seems to be from an "abyss," where all is yet in germ, implicit, proceeding thence to a fuller and more concrete development of idiosyncrasy and individuality. This Boehme transfers bodily to absolute Being, to God, asserting that the process is an eternal one, which appears simply a self-contradiction. For, as Aristotle said, we need an unmoved Mover, a fully-developed Ideal, to bring on the moving process, the implicit real into manifested and concrete life. The flower truly is in the seed; but, without the Idea of the flower pre-existing, the real flower could not be evolved out of it. The seed is nature, the dark principle, defect. But, as Aristotle said, there is no *Hyle*, no matter, no unformed in God; all is pure form, *Intellectus*. We must not hypostatise our defect of being as such.*

* Dr. Martensen objects to Boehme's idea that the Divine consciousness can only be fully self-conscious through the nature, or dark principle in Himself, though he does not attribute to Boehme the position of Schelling, that it can only be evolved through phenomenal, or creaturely nature, through our human consciousness. Here I side with Boehme; but I think Boehme was unfaithful to his own principle in so far as he did not admit that the Divine consciousness itself can only be fully formed through the creaturely, human, and phenomenal, in time. Yet his language is ambiguous. He often does seem to admit even this. The cherubim of Ezekiel's vision speak with the voice of the Almighty, yet are the quintessential creature, the ox, eagle, lion, man. In so far, however, as Schelling and Hegel do not carry on the idea of the creature, or human, into the eternal sphere of perfected individuality, they in turn are wrong; for we must conceive the Divine Spirit as

Yet Boehme speaks of God dimly dreaming of the actual living Trinity, of what He can become, before the dark nature, wrath, or fire principle, and the perfected Idea or wisdom arise in Him. Whereas, surely, the only Abyss in Him is the Abyss, which is dark to us from excess of light, that is, the fully-developed, all-conscious, individuality of concrete Spirit, inclusive of our own fully evolved individual consciousnesses, which are in one another, universal, not isolated, separate, and defective, as now and here. This is the only adequate and possible causal substance of our present limited moment to moment personalities, and the phenomenal external Nature, which is our investment, organism, and so-called material environment corresponding.

Proceeding from the Abyss, according to Boehme, are what he terms "the seven spirits of God." These answer to the Sephirim of the Kabbala, the Apocalyptic seven lamps before the throne. They are the principles, or categories, according to which, the fontal architecture, or conformation, through which the self-manifestation, or theogony of the Divine Spirit occurs. First, there is the "negative or dark Ternary, *centrum naturae*," or "wheel of birth," "worm," or "fire," paraphrased by Dr. Martensen as "Nature-Egoity"; and here we have three tendencies, which I may name centripetal, centrifugal, and rotatory (1) self-concentration of the ego to a focal point, or contraction, which Boehme, in his alchemical symbology, calls the "sharp," "astringent," "bitter," "salt"; (2) self-expansion into another, into a world, which he calls "mercury"; (3) gyration, a restless return upon oneself, a whirling, alternate going forth and coming back, involving anguish, infinite hunger and dissatisfaction, Ezekiel's self-involving flame. Then follows the fourth property, the lightning: that is the point of transition to the "light, or life Ternary," which is a repetition of the former, but with the elements raised to a higher power, in a condition of harmony and reconciliation, as Boehme phrases it "in temperature." The lower chemical affinities are restrained from ruling, in order that the higher organising principle may govern and form; but life is precisely this ideally-directed opposition of forces, the resultant of such a tension in nutrition and function. The seed dies in the seed-body that it may arise in the flower-bearing plant. And thus, as Hinton shows, mistakes, moral and intellectual, are a "tension" for the storing of force, for the correction of the premises, and so finally for human progress. According to Aristotle, as distinguished from Plato, the Idea must be conceived as in process, as self-evolved and living, not as ready-made, to be there and then "imparted" to phenomena, which would be something apart (but *what*, who can say?)—rather as perfected in and through phenomena, without which it can no more be than they without it. Obviously, Boehme's descriptions are applicable only to God as He is emanated, or incarnate, finite, defective in the creature. But what else is the creature, if he be not God limited, and in part, not whole, complete, one? These properties science may also discover in physical nature, in mechanics, in electricity, chemistry, life, &c.

But nature will not at once subordinate itself to the Idea, and a conflict takes place between

both substantial cause of the Nature-process in time and as resultant effect, or transfiguration of this. We must not be afraid of apparent contradiction, but hold fast both opposites in thought. Reconciliation waits in the higher and more comprehensive intuition that belongs to fuller being. The ideas of time and eternity are necessary to one another, correlative. God is at once cause and goal, or consummation of all evolution—mover and moved, God and man.

them; yet only so can the idea be fully realised, and all that is implicit therein brought to full perfection. That is, nature must be "twice born," must give up its old self, to be found again in the "regenerated," or universal self. By the lightning, or fourth property, in the transition stage, that which is gross, dark, and selfish in the desire of nature is consumed, clarified, sublimated, made quintessential. "The natural properties faint out of their selfishness and become quite meek and gentle." The lightning has for theosophic designation a cross—therefore, *per crucem ad lucem*.*

The animal passions of concupiscence, the devilish self-seeking, self-glorifying desires are so much fuel for the Divine fire of selfless love; in consuming they give birth to the holy Light of Wisdom, the Peace of God which passeth understanding. This is to be born of water, and of the spirit. Thus, a sour or bitter apple, ripened by the sun into sweetness, still does not lose its characteristic properties; but we taste them in their ripeness. This is the fifth, or first of the bright Ternary. The sixth is intelligible sound and vision. From the gentleness of love and goodness issue forth intelligible and beautiful sense-manifestation, audible and visible, but not to mortal sense, a great concord of correspondential tone-figures and light-figures, sounding light, effulgent sound. So John Locke's blind man was not so wrong after all when he said he thought red must be like the sound of a trumpet! Think of the lovely rhythmic ripples that may be made in sand, or dust, by the vibration of musical notes—vibrations being the physical antecedents in either case. But earthly song and sound are dissonant silence to this heavenly harmony, heard often by dying saints and children, by Boehme himself on his death-bed, as by the royal boy-martyr Louis in the Temple before he passed away. For open the inner sense, and at once we are in heaven or hell. In the seventh property, all the foregoing are gathered into one—it is Wisdom shaped into life and organism. This Boehme designates the essential, God's corporeity, periphery, "the Heavenly Salmutter," "the House of the Holy Trinity," "the Uncreated Heaven," "the Kingdom," coinciding with the Kabbala, where the last of the seven properties is *Malkuth*, which is also the Glory of God, the Maiden Sophia, who was in the "Still Mystery" before nature, yet unmanifested.

Heaven, says Boehme in a letter, rests upon hell. Yes, for pain, sin, sorrow are the driving-wheel of the whole machinery. Boehme is a man—a kindly, affectionate, humble, sorrowful man. It was reflection, bitter, burning reflection upon the triumphant evil and sorrow in the world that first overwhelmed and made him doubt; then, as he says, he "penetrated through violent tempests, and through the gates of hell" (as he believed) "to the innermost birth or geniture of the Deity." Hence his main idea. He is not a closet student, abstracted from the world, disdainfully apart from his fellows; but a Christian, homely man with a human heart.

The nature-, or personal-, will exists in order that it may be subordinated to the spirit-will or universal—the real to the ideal; "our wills are ours, to make them thine"; but the ideal, the spirit, could not be without this nature for instrument of its good purpose, and medium of its manifestation. First, there is a hostile relation between the two; but afterwards they are in harmony, and the one could

* It is the sacred symbol everywhere. In Egypt, we have the *crux ansata*. But not without providential intent surely was the gibbet of Roman punishment a Cross, on which was consummated, and not for the sacred Victim alone, the death of the old, the regeneration of the new human nature—"Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God."

not possibly be without the other subordinated to it. Nature, surrendering its independence, is transfigured into the Light, in order to the fashioning of the eternal Harmonies. Yet Nature by itself cannot liberate itself from the anguish of unsatisfied and restless hunger; for even when it goes forth into the world it seeks only self-gratification, or self-distraction, either to escape from self, or power and greed of some kind for self. It yearns blindly after Freedom, after the perfect God; and Freedom, or the Spirit of Love, the universal, yearns after it, seeing that they have need of one another. God is Holiness and Love; but, before these can be manifested, there must be something that needs love and grace, that needs to be released from its torture. Love cannot exist without a powerful egoism, which surrenders itself to it, denies and sacrifices itself. Without the astringent and contractile force of egoism, the self-imparting power of love would lead only to a vague absorption in, and fusion with, the illimitable. Without the austere and sharp element in egoism, the gentleness of love would degenerate into vapid and effeminate sentimentalism. Yet this opens the door to all the rabble rout of evils! In the normal condition the restlessness of desire and egoism is like the beating of our pulse, which is not noticed unless we expressly direct our attention to it, whereas we are compelled to notice it in fever, because the fire then makes itself plain and perceptible. Therefore, St. James warns us against "setting on fire the wheel of birth." The *centrum naturae* then is the foundation of life, but also of hell, and that is the "unquenchable fire," the "undying worm." That is when the worm or fire special to the ego of each creature gets the dominion over him—his besetting sin, his ruling passion—and makes him a slave, though he might grow to his height by subordinating, absorbing, and transmuting the virtue latent in it, the force of it, by a "higher alchemy." This is also, according to Boehme, the wrath of God. But Nemesis—Punishment—is self-inflicted. For within ourselves is the power of wrath and rigour, our own wild desires and fiery dispositions, whereby we are children of the devil, and belong to the kingdom of wrath. "The rousing and kindling of the dragon's mouth" took place at the fall of Lucifer, when his self-will rose in proud egoism and rebellion against the universal will of love, and he would be Lord and Ruler over others for his own glory and aggrandisement. Then the world, or spheres, or star, over which he had dominion, was dragged into disorder and confusion with him, and there was chaos.

The creation, as we have it recorded in Genesis, and other ancient revelations, is the setting in order of the Chaos (in the Hebrew *Tohu Vabohu*) by the Spirit of God—that is, by a process of evolution in successive periods. It is not that God begins by making things dark and imperfect; but the nature-centre (which was in the creature, and derived from God) in the creature, by virtue of his freewill (and of this, according to Boehme, no further account is needed, or can be given) separated itself from subordination to the Idea; and then, when he fell, the world of which he was soul and lord fell into an outer confusion, corresponding to that confusion and gloom now disorganising the inner and substantial realm of spirit. This may be held to explain that primeval outbirth of monstrous dragons, which geology has discovered. It was a world, science tells us, of greed, agony, rage, animal lust, darkness. And before that, the earth was without form and void; but the Divine Spirit brooded over the face of the waters, striving with the infernal powers, slowly subduing, engendering fair life and order; till at length Man arose in the image of God. But he, too, fell; and

in due time, at the hour appointed, came the second Adam, Jesus Christ, yet more "express image of His Person" (perhaps in other Avatars He had come before, in a glory more veiled); then did the lords of hell fly before "the folding-star of Bethlehem"; and now, in the dispensation of the Spirit, the kingdoms of this world are becoming, however slowly, the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ. For all are potentially as He. By the accomplished humanity of Christ—of Jesus, and the saints his coadjutors, ever energising in glory—not Man only, but Nature also (that is, as I should put it, all the other intelligences who constitute what we mean by "nature," with their corresponding ideal corporeities, or material expressions) is to be restored, fully-realised and perfected Man being the microcosm and centre of Nature, consummation of her possibilities, end and crown of her efforts, transfiguration of her powers. The import of Cosmic, as of human history, then, is that it is the history of redemption. But I must add that in Boehme this redemption-process remains truncated, incomplete; for he will not admit universal restoration—even after punitive discipline in many lives—he clings to the old orthodox conception of everlasting punishment, or the inveterate persistence of evil for the individual (another survival of orthodoxy in him is that he makes the "Dark Ternary" the Father, and propitiated by the "Light Ternary," the Son).

But have we not often, in suffering personally, or by sympathy, in contemplating, or bearing what has been well termed the cruel irony of fate, wondered if there must not be some such dark blind principle, such an Ahriman indeed at the very root of things? God cannot be exhausted, we have felt, by mere love, if at least love delights only to give pleasure, and to make perfect! "The caprice and freewill of the creature"? Ah! poor creature! That is to cut the Gordian knot indeed—and then if so immense margin has to be left for blind accident, the universe is well nigh removed altogether for ever out of the sphere of reason! Nature, indeed, shows purpose and reason, but also mistake, irrationality, even a certain fertility of cruel contrivance. "But," says Schelling, "we can admire only that gentleness which shines forth out of vanquished and subdued passions; gentleness and mildness are useless unless they arise on a foundation of strength and severity [though these may be implicit], only thus can they acquire the stamp of definite character," and escape the charge of insipidity. Perhaps, however, the atonement in some particular individual may have been effected in a former life, or vicariously by virtue of the solidarity of humanity—this last, a most important principle. For the incarnation is not an isolated fact, but a history, a theogony, only culminating in Jesus, still progressing in Church and world through the advent and operation of His spirit. But the second Adam could not have come without being preceded by, without inheritance and descent from, the first Adam, at least, on one side. Pessimism can only be averted by faith that the very nerve of the highest blessedness is, by an ultimate and inmost necessity, sin, loss and suffering; has an obscure nature-basis, too, in the animal, vegetable, inorganic. But all other conceptions of God than that of perfected Humanity are thin abstractions only from this—whether it be the One—or the Unknowable—or Force—or the Unconscious—or what not. But a suffering, sympathising, loving God, not mere barren thought, apart, a "Dieu des Philosophes"—God immanent, incarnate, God with us—this may be found after all to be the last word of reason, as it is also that of conscience and affection. For since idealism teaches that Nature can only be in sense and thought, she

may well have her consummation in a supreme imaginative Sense-Intuition. Yet God abides, even in the midst of consuming fire, in His own secret shadowy place, in His own "peace that passeth understanding," because He knows and is all; we also may abide in Him; and "when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

RODEN NOEL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LOCAL VALUE IN WRITING NUMERALS.

Brighton: July 26, 1886.

Dr. Edkins's letter in your issue of July 24 leads me to remark that "the principle of local value"—in a rudimentary condition at any rate—does not appear to be confined to European and Asiatic systems of notation.

In the fifth volume of the official United States *Contributions to North-American Ethnology*, dated 1882, but sent me quite lately, is a long monograph, by Dr. Cyrus Thomas, on the "Manuscript Troano." This MS., so-called from its possessor Don Juan de Tro y Ortolano, is a Maya MS. from Yucatan. The one point that seems to be certain about it is the numeral symbolism. Thus, dots represent units up to 4, and a straight line 5—e.g., "••••" is 4, and so is \vdots , and, again, $=$ or $||$ is 10. For reasons explained in the monograph the highest numeral to be found in the MS. is 19 \equiv

Now, occasionally, such numerals as \equiv and \equiv occur. These Dr. Thomas would not read as 14 and 13, but as 13 and 1, 12 and 1 respectively, giving his reasons.

Again, Dr. Thomas has made out a strong case for believing the MS. to be a religious calendar of sorts; and in it the numerals are of two kinds—red and black. The red he holds to indicate days, and the black months. In the annexed figure the light lines and dots represent the red, and the heavy lines and dots the black numerals. In one place occurs

$\vdots || \vdots$ Dr. Thomas does not read this as 5, 19, and 7, but as 5 and 9, 10 and 7—i.e., fifth day of the ninth month and seventh day of the tenth month. There is this plausibility for so reading the combination—the Mayas counted 360 days to the year in eighteen months of twenty days each, therefore a nineteenth month would be an impossibility. Some such combination as Dr. Thomas suggests is therefore necessary; but 5 and 13, 5 and 7, 5 and 4, 15 and 7, are also possible. I should add that in the MS. the figures are written horizontally. I have made them vertical here for convenience.

The celebrated mural painting or inscription at Palenque, known as "The Group of the Cross," is unquestionably of the same description as the MS. Troano, and there the numerals are all vertical; the highest I can find is $\vdots || \vdots$ or 19. In the MS. vertical and horizontal numerals are both common. In short, it is pretty clear that the writing of numerals by giving strokes and dots a "local value"—though not in precisely the same way—has long been in use both in the old and new worlds.

R. C. TEMPLE.

THE TURKISH "DOLMA."

London: July 24, 1886.

There are not many, perhaps, but there are a few, even in London, who know enough Turkish to feel obliged to smile at the correction offered to the author of *Melita* on p. 54 of the ACADEMY of July 24.

If *dolma* is interpreted by that author as meaning "vine-leaf," it is decidedly an error. But not less so is the critic's correction to

"vegetable marrow." The word means nothing of the sort.

The intransitive verb *dolmaq* means "to fill, to become full." Its transitive, *doldurmaq*, means "to fill, fill up, fill in; to make full." From the former, *dolma* means, as a verbal noun, "an act of becoming full"; as an adjective it means "which has become full, filled, filled up." Hence, *Dolma Baghcha* was named from its having been a shallow bay and artificially filled in, to be turned into a garden (with a summer-house for the Sultan at first); and on this garden, some forty years ago, Sultan 'Abdu'l-Mejid built the present palace, *Dolma Baghcha Serayi*.

The adjective *dolma* is said of a frame wall (of timber) filled in (with bricks). That same adjective became a substantive in the kitchen (as every adjective may become on occasion), and was applied to everything stuffed with a stuffing. Hence there are stuffed mussels (*midiya dolmasi*), stuffed vine-leaves (*yapraq dolmasi*), stuffed marrows (*gabag dolmasi*), stuffed aubergines (*patlijan dolmasi*), stuffed lamb (*quzu dolmasi*), stuffed fish (*balig dolmasi*, &c. There is also a "false stuffed" (dish) of aubergines, with no mutton in the stuffing. These are stewed in oil, and are eaten as a cold dish; vine-leaves and mussels the same.

In 1862 Turabi published here in London a *Turkish Cookery Book* (printed by Watts), in pp. 107-20 of which fourteen different varieties of *dolma* are described. J. W. REDHOUSE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. DEIGHTON, of Cambridge, will shortly publish a new translation of *Euclid* by Mr. Horace Deighton, of Queen's College, and head master of Harrison College, Cambridge. It will include the portions usually read, and a large number of examples and miscellaneous exercises in geometry.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

WE regret to hear of the death of Signor Bernardino Biondelli, of Milan, on July 11. He was director of the Gabinetto Numismatico, author of a valuable treatise on the Gallo-Italian dialects, and many other works, a vice-president of our Philological Society, and Fellow of many Italian and foreign learned societies.

FINE ART.

Life of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A. With Portraits and an Appendix, by his Great Grandson, William Raeburn Andrew. (London: W. H. Allen; Edinburgh: John Menzies.)

Nothing could be more modest than the prefatory words with which Mr. Andrew introduces this volume to the public. He states that

"as there exists no separate and complete life of Sir Henry Raeburn, I have felt it my duty to collect fragments from various publications, and make them coherent with a little cement of my own."

Unfortunately this is only too accurate a description of the book. Mr. Andrew has been in possession of hardly a single fact of the slightest importance that may not be already found in such sufficiently accessible sources as Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters* and Dr. John Brown's *Works of Sir Henry Raeburn*; and he has simply availed himself of these authorities and a few others, and strung together a series of quotations

indicated by inverted commas, and a still more voluminous series of extracts, in which, by the dexterous alteration of an occasional word or phrase, he has avoided the necessity for the formality of quotation marks. In his second page, he commences what is practically a transcript from the second sentence of Cunningham's essay on Raeburn; and the method thus begun is continued throughout nearly the whole of this singularly valueless work.

The incidental errors of previous writers have been blindly adopted and intensified through ignorance and carelessness. An instance of this may be found in the disparaging reference at p. 7 to David Martin. Here this artist is stated to have "painted in the first stiff starched Hudson style of Sir Joshua Reynolds"—a phrase adopted, without acknowledgment, from Cunningham; and, at p. 2, it is mentioned that Martin is "not to be compared with" George Jameson. Cunningham was an excellent, but by no means an infallible, critic; and in his passing and incidental references to minor painters he is frequently especially unfortunate. In the same page in which he characterises Martin in the words quoted above, he pronounces that Willison "drew indifferently and coloured worse"—a dictum which will hardly be admitted by those who have examined that painter's portrait of John Beugo, a work which approaches, not very distantly, the qualities of Raeburn himself; and he goes on to say that "the small heads" done in pencil by John Browne (so he gives the name) are of no common merit—a remark at once disclosing his ignorance of the large-sized pencil heads by Brown, such as those possessed by the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, which undoubtedly include the finest of this draftsman's portraits. The fact is that Martin was not only an accomplished engraver, admirable as a mezzotintist, forcible and individual in his line-work, but also a capable painter in oils. His portrait of Mrs. Gardyne, now hung in the Edinburgh International Exhibition, proves how much of the grace and sweetness which was characteristic of Allan Ramsay's best work was preserved in the productions of the pupil whom he selected to come to Italy that he might show the members of the Roman Academy "how we draw in England"; and certainly no portrait that Jameson ever executed—none at least that has been preserved under his name—could for a moment stand comparison in artistic qualities with Martin's "Dr. Cullen."

In a life of Raeburn like the present we should have expected that the author would have made an effort to compile an approximately complete catalogue of the artist's works. Nothing, however, seems to have been further from his mind or intention. He has simply reprinted, as an appendix to his volume, the catalogue of the Raeburn Exhibition of 1876, with the alteration of an alphabetical arrangement, and the addition of some by no means urgently required biographical particulars regarding the persons represented, although at p. 95 he very justly admits that many of Sir Henry's finest works were absent from this display.

We should further have expected that a book which aims to be the final authority upon its subject would have included a list of the exceptionally numerous engravings

from the productions of the artist with whom it deals. Such a catalogue does indeed exist in MS., compiled with fullest particulars by that indefatigable Scottish antiquary and collector, the late James Drummond, R.S.A., and including about 130 items. Doubtless it would gladly have been placed at the author's disposal had it been applied for; but he seems to have felt no want for such a list, no desire to procure or compile one. He disposes of Raeburn's engraved works in a single paragraph, transferred—without acknowledgment and with the simple alteration of two or three words—from Dr. Brown's essay on the painter.

Again, we should certainly have looked for a searching and intelligent criticism of Raeburn's artistic method, for a comparison of this method with that of other portraitists, and for such an account of its progressive development as would have illustrated the painter's increasing power of hand and the widening scope of his art, and would have aided future investigators in their attempts to assign any given work to this or that period of his career. Unfortunately, we find little indeed of all this. Such criticism as we have is of the most loose and general description—the mere collected opinions of previous writers upon the subject, and not the result of close and wide study of the portraits themselves; while we have no characterisation of the various periods of Raeburn's art beyond the very disputable statement that "the pictures of his last two or three years are unquestionably the best that he ever painted," which will hardly be admitted by those who have studied his works in the order of their production, and which was certainly not the opinion of the most discerning of the artist's contemporaries, as we may gather from the correspondence between the Duke of Buccleuch and Sir Walter Scott, in 1819, relative to a proposed portrait of the novelist.

It is true that there is considerable difficulty in fully tracing the chronological order of Sir Henry's portraits; for, unlike Sir Joshua, he kept no books or other exact record of his professional engagements. But Mr. Andrew has failed to make a careful use of the facts which were lying ready to his hand. The approximate date of 1804, assigned to the full-length of Lord Melville in the catalogue of the Raeburn Exhibition of 1876, has dropped out from Mr. Andrew's transcript of that catalogue; and, while he retains in his appendix the approximate date of 1800, assigned—quite correctly, we should judge—by the same exhibition catalogue to the portrait of the Chief of Glengarry, he refers to this work, at pp. 36 and 37, as one of those executed during the last ten years of the painter's life—that is to say, from 1813 to 1823.

There is, however, no insurmountable difficulty in fixing upon certain works by Raeburn which clearly illustrate the development of his art and are representative of its various periods. We have first his miniatures; and of these his portraits of Prof. James Hamilton, David Deuchar, Dr. Andrew Wood, and his "Head of a Madonna," dated 1777, are sufficiently typical examples. Then come his early portraits in oil; and of this period the "Mrs. Johnstone of Baldovie," lent by Mr. Lacon to the Edinburgh Loan Exhibi-

tion of 1883, is entirely representative—a work executed most manifestly under the influence of Martin; a graceful and delicate picture, but quite dissimilar in style and handling to the productions of Raeburn's maturity. The excellent half-length of Prof. James Hutton, in the possession of Sir George Warrender, bears every sign of being a work of a slightly later date, though probably still before the artist's journey to Italy. Among the subjects executed in Rome are the "Study of a Youth" and the "Study of a Female," the property of Mr. J. T. Gibson-Craig; then we have the seated portrait of the second Lord President Dundas, painted not "about 1787," as stated by Mr. Andrew, but in that very year—as entered in the Raeburn exhibition catalogue, and duly inscribed upon the canvas itself—the year of Raeburn's return from Italy. It was by this picture, more than by any other, that he laid the foundation of his celebrity as a portrait-painter; and it certainly ranks as one of the most important, and in some respects one of the very finest, of his productions. It shows in the clearest and most interesting manner the development of the painter's method, retaining much of the detail and delicacy of his early practice, along with the beginnings—or more than the beginnings—of the admirable breadth and power of handling which distinguished his work when he attained full individuality and complete mastery, and was executing his full-length of Dr. Spens (painted, as we know from the date of Beugo's engraving, before 1796); his noble portraits of Professor and Mrs. Gregory (about 1796); of Adam Rolland of Gask; of William Macdonald of St. Martin's (1803); his own portrait and that of Lady Raeburn; and his head of Mr. Wardrop of Torban Hill, which ranks as one of the crowning achievements of his art, and which, in its force, character, breadth and simplicity, would suffer little by a comparison with the portraiture of Rembrandt.

It is pleasant to know that Raeburn's fame has, during recent years, been extended beyond the country of his birth by the fine examples of his art which, from time to time, have been included in the Old Masters' Exhibitions of the Royal Academy by the acquisition for the National Gallery of a female full-length from his brush—which, however, is not quite fully or favourably representative of his art—and by the purchase, the other day, for the Louvre of his portrait of a Greenwich pensioner. We can only regret that the present opportunity of raising a worthy memorial to this excellent painter, and producing a satisfactory record of his life-work, has been so sadly, so completely missed.

J. M. GRAY.

THE ROYAL MUMMIES AT BULAK.

By the kindness of M. Maspero we are enabled to print the *procès verbal*, drawn up by himself, of the unwrapping of the mummies of Skenen-Ra and of Seti I., which took place at Cairo on June 9:

"L'an mil huit cent quatre-vingt-six, et le neuf Juin, correspondant au sept de Ramadhân, treize cent trois de l'Hégire.

"En présence de MM. le Général Stephenson, Commandant de l'armée anglaise d'occupation; Garnier de Heldevier, Agent et Consul Général de Belgique en Egypte; le Général Comte Della Sala

Pasha et M^{me}. Della Sala; Eugène Grébaud, Directeur Général des Fouilles et Antiquités de l'Egypte; Dr. Fouquet, de la Faculté de Médecine de Paris; Insinger, Hervé Bazil.

"Par les soins de MM. Gaston Maspero, Ancien Directeur des Fouilles et Antiquités de l'Egypte; Emile Brugsch Bey, conservateur, et Urbain Bouriant, conservateur adjoint du Musée de Boulaq, il a été procédé dans la salle dite Salle Copte au dépouillement des deux momies qui portent au catalogue imprimé les Nos. 5227 et 5232, et proviennent de la cachette de Deir-el-Bahari.

"La momie, No. 5227, extraite la première de sa cage en verre est celle du roi Sogounou Tiouâgen XVII^{me} Dynastie thébaine, ainsi qu'il résulte de l'inscription tracée sur le couvercle du cercueil à l'encre rouge, puis retouchée à la pointe. Deux grands linéaux en toile grossière mal attachés, la revêtaient des pieds à la tête, puis on rencontra quelques pièces de linge négligemment roulées et des tampons de chiffons maintenus par des bandelettes, le tout gras au toucher et pénétré d'une odeur fétide. Ces premières enveloppes une fois levées, il nous resta entre les mains une sorte de fuseau d'étoffe d'environ 1^m 82 et tellement mince qu'il semblait impossible qu'un corps humain pût y trouver place. Les deux dernières épaisseurs de toile étaient collées l'une à l'autre par les parfums et adhéraient étroitement à la peau: on les fendit au couteau et le corps entier parut au jour. La tête était renversée en arrière et inclinée fortement sur la gauche. De longues mèches de cheveux éparses sur le front cachaient à demi une large plaie qui traversait la tempe droite un peu au-dessus de l'arcade sourcilière. Les lèvres grand ouvertes étaient retracts de manière à former un anneau presque rond, à travers lequel sortent les dents de devant et les gencives. La langue était prise et mordue entre les dents. Les traits contractés violemment portaient encore une expression d'angoisse très reconnaissable. Un examen minutieux révéla l'existence de deux autres blessures. L'une faite par une massue ou par une hache d'armes avait entamé la joue gauche et brisée la mâchoire inférieure: les dents de côté étaient à découvert. L'autre, dissimulée par les cheveux, s'ouvrait au sommet de la tête un peu au-dessus de la blessure du front: un coup de hache dirigé de haut en bas avait détaché un énorme copeau d'os et produit dans la boîte du crâne une longue fente par laquelle une partie de cerveau avait dû s'écouler. La position et l'aspect des blessures permettaient de rétablir d'une manière presque certaine la scène finale de la vie du roi. Tiouâgen, atteint une première fois à la mâchoire, tombe étourdi; les ennemis se précipitent sur lui, et deux coups portés tandis qu'il est à terre, l'un de hache au sommet du crâne, l'autre de lance ou de dague au-dessus de l'œil, l'achèvent presque aussitôt. Nous savions qu'il avait fait la guerre aux Pasteurs: nous ne savions pas qu'il fût mort sur le champ de bataille. Les Egyptiens sortirent vainqueurs du combat qu'il s'engagea autour de leur chef, puisqu'ils réussirent à le relever et à l'emporter. Le corps, momifié rapidement sur place, fut expédié à Thèbes, où il reçut la sépulture. Ces détails nous expliquent et l'aspect saisissant qu'il présente et les irrégularités qu'on remarque dans l'embaumement. La poitrine et les côtes serrées à outrance par des gans pressés se sont brisées et ne forment plus qu'un paquet de débris noyés au milieu duquel les vertèbres sont éparses. Le bassin est en pièce; les bras et les jambes sont désarticulés. La décomposition avait dû commencer déjà au moment où les embaumeurs se mirent à l'œuvre. Une large plaque blanchâtre entoure la plaie du front et semble n'être qu'une masse de cervelle épanchée et mortifiée. La momie préparée à la hâte n'a pas bien résisté aux influences destructives du dehors; les vers en ont percé l'enveloppe, et des larves de nécrophore ont laissé leur coque dans les tresses de cheveux. Tiouâgen avait environ quarante ans quand il succomba. Il était grand, élancé, d'une vigueur remarquable à en juger par ce qui reste des muscles de l'épaule et du thorax. Il avait la tête petite et allongée en tonneau, bien garnie de cheveux noirs, minces, ronds, frises en longue mèches; l'œil était large et enfoncé, le nez droit et large à la racine, les pommettes proéminentes, la mâchoire forte, la bouche moyenne, un peu avancée, garnie de dents saines et d'un bel émail. L'oreille a disparu et l'on voit quelques traces à peine de barbe ni de

moustache. Tiouâgen s'était rasé le matin même de la bataille. Tout compte fait, il devait ressembler singulièrement aux Barabras d'aujourd'hui, et appartenir à une race moins mélangée d'éléments étrangers que celle des Ramsès.

"Le cercueil No. 5232 renfermait la momie de Seti I^{er}, seconde roi de la XIX^{me} Dynastie et père de Ramsès II., comme en font foi les procès-verbaux de l'an VI. et de l'an XVI. de Hrihor, de l'an X. de Pinotmou I^{er} enregistrés sur le couvercle. L'appareil de bandelettes et de linéaux qui l'enveloppait était disposé de la même façon que sur la momie de Ramsès II. A moitié environ de l'épaisseur totale, une inscription hiéroglyphique en deux lignes tracée à l'encre noire nous apprend que l'an IX., le deuxième mois de "Pirît le 16 fut le jour où on rhabilla le roi Menmari (Seti I^{er}) v. s. f."* Une autre inscription tracée sur une des bandelettes ajoute que le linge employé à l'embaumement avait été fabriqué par le premier Prophète d'Ammon Menkhopirri en l'an VI., ce qui nous donne la date de la dernière restauration subie par la momie. Le corps présente à peu-près le même aspect que celui de Ramsès II.—long, décharné, jaune-noir, les bras croisés sur la poitrine. La tête était couverte d'un masque épais de toile fine noircie par le goudron, et qu'on dut enlever au ciseau. Monsieur Alexandre Barsanti, chargé de cette délicate opération, fit sortir de cette masse informe la plus jolie tête de momie qu'on ait jamais vue au Musée. Les sculpteurs de Thèbes et d'Abydos ne flattaient pas Pharaon quand ils lui donnaient ce profil délicat, doux et souriant que les voyageurs admirent. La momie a conservé après trente-deux siècles la même expression qu'avait le vivant. Ce qui frappe tout d'abord, quand on la compare à celle de Ramsès II., c'est la ressemblance étonnante du père et du fils, nez, bouche, menton, les traits sont les mêmes, mais plus fins, plus intelligents, plus humains chez le père. Seti I^{er} est comme le type idéalisé de Ramsès II. Il dut mourir vieux. La tête est rasée, les sourcils sont blancs, l'état du corps accuse la soixantaine et bien passée, ce qui confirme l'opinion des savants qui lui attribuent un très long règne. Le corps est sain, vigoureux, pourtant les doigts noueux portent des traces évidentes d'arthritisme. Les deux dents qu'on aperçoit sous la pâte qui emplit la bouche sont blanches et bien entretenues.

"G. MASPERO."

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE'S *Whistler's Etchings: a Study and a Catalogue*, will shortly be published, finely printed, in a limited edition for collectors, by Mr. Thibaudau of Green Street, St. Martin's Place, who issued, seven years ago, Mr. Wedmore's *Meryon*, which has since become the standard authority on that etcher.

OUR valued correspondent, Mr. W. Thompson Watkin, of 242 West Derby Road, Liverpool, has now ready for issue to subscribers *Roman Cheshire*, being a companion volume to his *Roman Lancashire*, which appeared in 1883. It will consist of 321 pages of letterpress, with seven large lithographed plans and maps, and 162 woodcuts. Special attention has been given to tracing the course of the Roman roads. The subscription price is 25s.

THE Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have appointed a committee, consisting of Sir F. Leighton (chairman), Mr. Poynter, Mr. Alma Tadema; Mr. Carl Haag and Mr. Henry Wallis named by the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours; Sir J. D. Linton and Mr. F. Dillon, by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; together with Mr. Sidney Colvin of the British Museum, and Mr. Armstrong of the Science and Art Department, to consider the question of the action of light on paintings in water-

*I.e., "Vie, Santé, Force," a formula attached to the name of every king, living or dead. It is equivalent to our old English expression of "the King, God bless him!"

colours. Capt. Abney and Dr. Russell, who have for some time past been making a scientific investigation of the action of light on the various pigments used in painting, will inform the committee of the method and nature of their enquiry. With this information before them, the committee will be in a position to judge whether there are any further points which they would desire to suggest to Capt. Abney and Dr. Russell for investigation, or whether there is any enquiry which they would themselves wish to carry on.

MR. F. G. STEPHENS has identified Maclise's picture, for which Mr. Browning wrote the nucleus-lines of his "In a Gondola"—see *Forster's Life of Charles Dickens*, bk. iv. § iv. vol. ii., p. 365, ed. 1876, and Farnivall's *Browning Bibliography*, pp. 24, 157—with No. 255 in the catalogue of the British Institution in 1842. We should like to know where this picture now is. Mr. Stephens has also kindly offered to allow the Browning Society to engrave or process his Rossetti illustration of *Sordello*, when funds and inclination are forthcoming.

THE STAGE.

ON Thursday, in last week, the Princess's Theatre closed for a considerable period, the occasion that made the performance of Thursday interesting being the last appearance of Mr. Wilson Barrett and his company before their visit to America. "Hamlet" was the piece selected for the evening's acting; and the performance, it is admitted on all hands, showed how well the chief members of the Princess's company respond to the exacting demands of the highest drama.

It will be interesting to follow their course in America. They "open" at the Star Theatre in New York, early in October, and their subsequent tour will include the chief cities of the Eastern and Western States. We have no doubt whatever of their success; but it will be curious to see which of the pieces that they present will most command it. Not to speak of such an elegant trifle as "A Clerical Error," nor of the one-act piece "Chatterton"—in which Mr. Wilson Barrett is so impressive—the plays chosen will include "Claudian," "Clito," and "Hamlet." In all three—but in the first and last especially—Mr. Barrett is provided with characters which will display to advantage not only his accomplished skill, but the individuality of his method and his own personality. In "Claudian," the effect of an interesting rôle will be especially strengthened by scenery, appointments, and stage surprises, such as the Lyceum has never surpassed. In "Hamlet," the American public—admirers of Booth and at bottom of the traditions of the Kembles—will find a Prince of Denmark, not traditional indeed, yet after their own heart. They will allow the Hamlet of Mr. Barrett to be at once stately and familiar, chivalrous and friendly, natural and accomplished.

Miss Eastlake they will see not at all to advantage in "Claudian"; yet, in this, it is believed, they will see her most. Having seen her in "Claudian," her Ophelia will, at least, be a small surprise to them, and her Helle in "Clito" will be an absolute astonishment. Perhaps it is rather a pity that the Americans will not see her in one of those parts of domestic pathos in which she first made her reputation; but they will be well recompensed for their loss when they see the maddest and tenderest Ophelia of our day; and when she appears as Helle in "Clito"—the most dramatic of her creations—they will witness a very great thing. The heartiest good wishes of intelligent English playgoers follow Mr. Barrett and his comrades across the seas.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Hygiene of the Vocal Organs. By Dr. Morell Mackenzie. (Macmillan.) The author is well aware that many books have been written on the voice. He does not venture to speak with authority as a musician or even as a physiologist, but as a practical physician of twenty-five years' standing. Avoiding technical expressions as much as possible, he treats of the training and formation of the voice, and of the care of the voice when formed—looking at hygiene both from a positive as well as a negative side. The description of nature's voice-box is about as clear as it can be made without the help of an expected larynx. In the chapter on "registers," he shows how fanciful divisions have caused considerable confusion. He would recognise only two: one produced by the long, the other by the short reed. He has on his side the old Italian masters, who lived, he says, "in blissful ignorance of the laryngoscope." Dr. Mackenzie by no means undervalues that instrument, but would place it in the hands of the scientist rather than the singing-master. In the matter of voice-training, some practical and, therefore, useful hints are given respecting the choice of a teacher. Training should begin on the middle notes: the "deep growl" lately heard in the Russian choir, as a rule, utterly destroys the voice, says our author. He reminds us that defects of pronunciation are often more justly chargeable to the composer than to the singer; and makes the curious, but interesting, remark that "of all the eminent composers, Handel and Rossini alone seem to have shown regard for the delicate organisation of the human larynx." Dr. Mackenzie is, we think, perfectly correct when he states that the lack of good voices now generally complained of is "principally, if not solely, due to the feverish hurry and impatience of modern life, which makes pupils and teachers alike more anxious for immediate success, however ephemeral, than for lasting results." This "hurry and impatience" does harm in all departments of musical art. The chapters specially devoted to hygiene show the practical physician. Vocalists may be well aware that the author is wise in recommending them never to sing "when it is felt that the vocal apparatus is not in its highest condition of efficiency"; but all cannot afford to follow this sage advice. In his concluding remarks, however, he justly adds that while hygiene teaches what is likely to injure the voice, it rests with each one to decide what risks he shall run for the sake of art, or fame, or livelihood.

The Principles of Singing. By Albert B. Bach. (Blackwood.) The author of this "practical guide for vocalists and teachers" published, some few years back, a useful little book, entitled *On Musical Education*. He has evidently had considerable experience, and writes in a thoroughly practical manner. As in Dr. Mackenzie's book, directions are given as to the formation of voices and the care to be taken of them; but the greater portion of the volume is taken up with rules for musical and declamatory breathing, and with vocal exercises. The introductory chapter is devoted to "Acoustics." The author tells us that the colour or *timbre* of the voice depends on the number and intensity of the harmonics. This may be true; but it would, perhaps, have been well to add that difference in number and intensity of harmonics is caused by structural differences in the vocal organs. Mr. Bach agrees with Dr. Mackenzie in maintaining that laryngoscopy has been of very little use in the development of the vocal art, as the formation of tone cannot be properly taught by its means.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED,

IN TWO VOLUMES,

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A NOVEL.

BY A. P. SINNETT.

This latest work by the author of "Karma" and "Esoteric Buddhism" constitutes a study of the higher phases of mesmerism, psychic development, and clairvoyance, and has been recognised by some of the most advanced students of occult science as based on a profound appreciation of the latent possibilities in human nature. The subject is one which conventional opinion resents, and though the realities of mesmeric phenomena, attested by a long succession of writers—Dale, Townsend, Colquhoun, Scoresby, Edalle, Elliotson, Gregory, and a dozen others of lesser note—are as well established for all who pay attention to the matter as the principles of evolution or the achievements of spectroscopic research, the Press in general still finds it necessary to flatter popular prejudice by scoffing at the "spiritualistic rubbish creeping into fiction now" (according to one review of "UNITED"), or by remarking, *via* the *Times* review, that "the psychic novel has excited considerable curiosity, and has, perhaps, led a few weaker minds to think that there must be something in theories which are propounded with such admirable gravity." It is thus impossible to expect that the public will be adequately apprised of the literary or psychic importance of "UNITED" by papers and reviews pledged to resist as long as possible the growth of public interest in those fascinating and supremely important phenomena of human nature. Admissions of the excellence of the book as a work of fiction may reluctantly be made from time to time, as by the *Academy* of July 17th, for example, which confesses that "Mr. Sinnett always writes cleverly, even when he writes what to the uninitiated seems the saddest of nonsense," or by the *Whitehall Review*, that "over this thrice silly subject the author has expended some most excellent writing, ideas that equal in breadth and strength those of our best writers, pure English, and undeniable grammar." But in regard to that which is a matter of fact concerning the book—which can only be denied from the point of view of simple ignorance—namely, the established reality of the psychic principles which underlie the story—it is not to be expected that commonplace current criticism will correctly instruct the reading community.

"UNITED" is in reality a book in which the author's best efforts have been spent on presenting in a poetical and emotional aspect some of the deepest truths revealed by occult science concerning the constitution and development of the human soul, and it combines the interest of a love story with a systematic study of the progressive phases through which mesmeric influence of the purest and best kind may conduct a sufficiently advanced sensitive.

A straightforward treatise "On Mesmerism," by the same author, just published as one of the Transactions of the Theosophical Society, may be consulted by any one who wishes to fortify the interest of "UNITED" by becoming acquainted with the overwhelming mass of accumulated knowledge on the subject of mesmeric phenomena which renders all doubt as to their reality—and all the more such denials of this as the publication of "UNITED" has called forth from many newspapers of the day—so very ludicrous in the sight of better instructed persons.

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